THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

SEPTEMBER, 1807.

WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

THE following particulars respecting one of the best (perhaps the very best) of our living poets we believe to be correct.

William Hayley was born at Chichester, in the month of October, 1745. His parents were Thomas, the only son of Thomas Hayley, Dean of Chichester, and Mary, daughter of Colonel Yates, member for that city. Our poet lost his father before he had reached his third year, and was educated by an admirable mother, whom he has justly described as a woman equally distinguished by personal beauty, by strength of understanding, and by tenderness of heart.

The lines at the end of the fourth epistle of the Essay on Epic Poetry, beginning with

> " O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smil'd,
> " And frown'd with fear on thy poetic child;
> " Pleas'd, yet alarm'd, when in his boyish time
> " He sigh'd in numbers, or he laugh'd in rhyme;" &c.

containing a little reference to his own illness, and a lively description of his mother's tenderness and watchings, when reason had threatened for ever to leave him, are exquisitely beautiful. Even the *counterpart* of this description in Pope is not more sweet.

> " Rocking the cradle of declining age," &c.

He was sent early to Kingston school, and suffered there from an epidemical fever; on his recovery, after years of

illness and decrepitude, he had a domestic tutor, who prepared him for Eton; on leaving school he was entered at Trinity Hall in Cambridge, and before he resided there wrote the first of his poems that appeared in print, an Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, inserted in the Cambridge collection. On leaving the university he passed several months in Scotland, on a visit to some young friends who were then students of physic in Edinburgh. In the year 1769, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Reverend Thomas Ball, Dean of Chichester; which lady died about ten years ago; and after residing some years in London, he settled in 1774 in his native county at Eartham; where he continues to reside in lettered ease and elegance, in a situation remarkable for health and beauty, and which his taste has created, improved, and embellished.

His epistles to his friend Mr. Romney were published in 1778; epistle on the Death of Mr. Thornton, Ode to Howard, and epistles to Gibbon, in 1780; the Triumphs of Temper in 1781, and the Essay on Epic Poetry in 1782. The public received, in the year 1784, from the fertile and amusing pen of our author, a volume of plays, containing three comedies and two tragedies, each in three acts. The comedies are in rhyme, but such rhyme, so familiar, so easy, so flowing, that prose itself can scarcely appear more natural, more convenient for the purposes of dialogue, or the business of the drama. Like the ancient Iambic, recommended by Aristotle, and characterised by Horace, as the measure peculiarly suited to the scene: *Natum rebus agendis.*

Of the *Two Connoisseurs*, the second comedy in the collection, it is hardly possible to speak in terms of sufficient approbation. The compactness of the fable, the natural humour of the characters, the justness and delicacy of the sentiments, and the elegant vivacity of the dialogue, are all severally and equally admirable.

From this time declining health interrupted his literary pursuits; but such a mind as Mr. Hayley's, so fertile in genius, so rich in literary acquirements, could not remain altogether inactive; and he has since favoured the world with an elegy on that "all accomplished" man, Sir William Jones, and a life of our immortal poet, Milton; in which he defends his character from the harsh and malignant strictures of his former biographer. In this latter production he records his

intimacy with Mr. Cowper, the divine author of The Task, and gives him those commendations, valuable both on account of the pen from which they proceeded, and the high merit of the object upon whom they were bestowed. It is extremely honourable to Mr. Hayley, that he has never prostituted his praise upon mere wealth and greatness; but conscious of its value, has confined it to genius, to virtue, and to talents. The names of Romney, Howard, Gibbon, Mason, Sir William Jones, and Cowper, derive and impart lustre to the productions of Hayley.

In addition to the works published with his name, the world have agreed in ascribing to him, with some probability, though they were never publicly acknowledged, the Elegy on the Greek model, addressed to Bishop Lowth, the Essay on Old Maids, and the novel of the Young Widow.

Mr. Hayley has also published the Memoirs and Correspondence of Cowper, a poet with whom, as already observed, he lived upon the most friendly and intimate terms; and it is fortunate for the public that such a poet should have had so competent a biographer.

The last production of Mr. Hayley's muse is perhaps not a performance upon which he would wish to rest his claims as a poet. The *Triumphs of Music* is not to be perused throughout without a little exercise of the *Triumphs of Temper*. For the subject of this poem we refer our readers to an article in our first Number, entitled ALESANDRO STRADELLI. The reader will discover in this production much morality, more piety, but very little poetry.

As the subject of this memoir is still living, and may he long continue to charm and bless the world with the exertion of his talents, and the practice of his virtues! we shall forbear to enter into any farther particulars of a life, which is spent in the exercise of every thing that is social and benevolent.

INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCE OF A DEAF PERSON.

A REPUTABLE merchant of Wesel, in the Duchy of Cleves, a venerable, hoary old man of seventy-eight, had, as early as his twentieth year, a great difficulty of hearing, which, as far as he could recollect, was occa-

sioned, either by a violent fall, or by a profuse bleeding at the nose. The most promising means against this disorder proved ineffectual, it rather growing upon him from year to year, till, at last, he became quite deaf, unable to understand a single word, without bawling loud in his ears. Both German and Dutch physicians, who were consulted on this occasion, could not, with all their art and skill, afford any relief: at length, after an accurate examination of the external organs of hearing, the case was deemed incurable. However, he procured a variety of acoustic tubes from Amsterdam, in order to afford some relief to those who wanted to speak with him: but their use was afterwards laid aside, as being attended either with much inconvenience, or as never procuring any distinct degree of hearing.

Afterwards marrying, and having two of his eldest children, a son and a daughter, taught to play on the spinnet, he often came up to it, and eagerly wished to hear the music: as the music-master once happened to say, that it was very possible for him to hear, if, according to an old, and well-known experiment, he held a thin stick, or a tobacco-pipe, with the one end on the bridge of the sound-board, and with the other to the upper teeth; this he instantly tried, and was greatly pleased, that he could both plainly distinguish each note, and, as he thought, much stronger than formerly, at his best hearing. But all this was ineffectual to make him understand persons speaking, till an accidental trial procured him also this happiness.

In the year 1749, he had the good fortune to light, by mere accident, on a peculiar method, by which any person, at the distance of twenty, or even thirty paces, may, without greatly straining his voice, speak to be understood. This happened as follows: As one time this deaf person had all his family about him, and was pleasing himself with his daughter's playing, by means of his tobacco-pipe; his brother, who happened to be present, alledged, that as he could plainly distinguish the sounds or notes of the spinnet, he might also, in the same manner, understand the articulate sounds of a speaker. For this purpose, his brother took a speaking-trumpet, and holding the narrow part, or mouth-piece, to the upper teeth of the deaf person, he uttered a few words at the upper or wider part thereof: this trial, however, proved unsuccessful, the deaf man not being

sensible of the least articulate sound. But he himself directly fell upon a device, which proved more successful. The brother was to hold the rim of the wide end of the speaking-trumpet to his upper teeth, and he himself to do the like with the lower end, or mouth-piece: upon which, his brother had scarce uttered a couple of words, but he directly repeated them with the greatest joy, and also assured him, that he understood them more distinctly than if he had bawled them in the loudest manner in his ear.

The deaf man did not stop here: in order to be convinced, whether the success was not owing to the structure of the speaking-trumpet, or whether the same thing might not succeed with other bodies; he directly tried, in the same manner, his tobacco-pipe, and a little wooden stick, and to his great joy found it not only possible, but that the speaker might even speak as low as he pleased, so the voice was only audible. The curiosity of this man and his friends did not rest here; they wanted to know, at what distance one might converse with him: for this purpose, they took thin sticks or slips of wood, of different lengths, and one, in particular, six feet long, an inch broad, and of the thickness of the back of a knife. At Wesel, and in the country round about, they call such sticks flooring-slips or laths, which they use in filling up the openings of the boards of the flooring, when starting asunder: and such slips are the more commodious, as being thin, they the less hinder the pronunciation, and as in other respects, they produce the same effect in propagating sound: and even, by means of a bundle of them tied together, the lowest sound is distinctly audible, when the by-standers can scarce perceive any.

The farther trials and observations, which were made in the use of this method, have been confirmed by the following experiments. In the first place, upon bawling in the loudest manner, in the mouth of the deaf person, through a large tin funnel, without touching the teeth, or even without the funnel, not a single word was understood. Secondly, if the slip of wood be held too fast with the finger, or laid hold on with shut lips, the voice proves very indistinct. But, thirdly, if held with the teeth, the sensation is extremely weak. Fourthly, if the slip be held to the under teeth, there is not the least sense of hearing. Whereas, fifthly, the voice

is perceptible and distinct, upon bringing, in using the slip, the tongue to the palate or to the teeth. Sixthly, the voice is less perceptible on joining the teeth together, than on their standing asunder. Seventhly, though the mouth be full of water, the hearing is not in the least diminished. Eighthly, when a brass or iron wire is held to the teeth, the deaf person hears nothing at all; but held between the teeth, a little. Ninthly, the deaf person may hear very well, on holding, by the lower rim, a beer-glass, to the upper teeth; or if, with the mouth shut, he presses it somewhat hard just under the nose, and another person directs his voice up the glass, close to it; all which answers not with a wine-glass. Tenthly and lastly, the speaker must have good sound teeth, without any loose ones, at least in the upper jaw, as then the voice is very indistinct.

MELANGE.

No. VI.

Chacun à son gout.

Monsieur de Vivonne.—M. de V. who was general of the expedition against Messina, writing from that place to the king, closed his letter in these words: *To finish the affair, we only want ten thousand men.* He gave his letter to seal to Du Terron, commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add, *and a general.*

Anecdote for the French Emperor.—When Themistocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he said, *I bring two Gods with me,* Force *and* Persuasion. He was answered, *and we have two stronger,* Want *and* Impossibility.

The Use of the Eyes.—Such is the reputation of Democritus, that almost all the world is persuaded that he put his eyes out upon moral and honourable principles. Aulus Gellius assures us that he took this resolution, in order to concentrate his ideas, and to enable him more effectually to contemplate those mysteries of Nature, into which his eyes did not suffer him to pene-

trate. He quotes those verses of Laberius, wherein he says that Democritus lost his sight by looking too stedfastly on the sun. But, according to that philosopher, Democritus had a different view in parting with his sight: He suffered this, that he might not be mortified with looking on vicious men. Plutarch, who had mentioned this before Aulus Gellius, considers it as an imposture. The assertion, says he, that Democritus deprived himself of sight, by looking on a burning-glass, is certainly false; yet it is true that those who accustom themselves to mental labour, find the senses rather troublesome than useful. For this reason the retreats of study, and the temples of the muses are generally in solitudes; and probably too, for the same reason it is that the Greeks call the night *Euphrona*, that is the good thinker. Because the time that is least subject to dissipation and variety is most favourable to thought.

Thus, Plutarch is persuaded that the man who cannot see, has a considerable advantage in point of meditation; and it was, undoubtedly, under this idea that Pythagoras shut himself up a whole winter in a subterraneous cave.

Lactantius, on the other hand, says that the mind discerns the object through the medium of the eye, as through a window. It is so essentially there, that through the same medium you may read what passes in it. Lucretius has made use of a very trifling argument to refute this. If, says he, the soul looks through the eye, it would certainly see much better, were the eye taken away. Remove the gates, and surely more light will enter. Certainly, continues Lactantius, Lucretius and Epicurus must have lost their eyes, when they could not see that the removal of them would destroy the passage of light.

Jacob Tonson.—There is a singular defect in the picture of King Charles the first, in whole length in armour, by Vandyke; both the gauntlets being drawn for the right hand.

When this picture was in the Wharton Collection, old Jacob Tonson, who had remarkably ugly legs, was finding fault with the two gauntlets. Lady Wharton said, Mr. Tonson, why might not one man have two right hands, as well as another two left legs!

Till I saw this anecdote, as related by the late Horace

Walpole, I was at a loss to comprehend what Pope intended by the two following lines in the Dunciad:

> With arms extended Bernard rows his state,
> And left-legged Jacob seems to emulate.

These lines were afterwards thus altered:

> With legs expanded Bernard urged the race,
> And seemed to emulate great Jacob's pace.

Dr. Warton has inserted the first couplet in his edition, and as he has no annotation upon it, probably was not acquainted with its meaning. [*Beloe.*]

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.—Some years ago, a member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising into rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself. A motion was made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker—have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?" so saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence; when another rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. speaker—did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose; if he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?" This *à-propos* reply set the house in a roar of laughter, and the unfortunate orator, like *Old Doiley* in the farce, was content to be *dummy* ever after.

KOTZEBUE FURTHER DETECTED.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

YOUR correspondent "Detector," in No. IV. of the Cabinet, exposes Kotzebue's plagiarism in having borrowed the story of "*The Little Lie*" from the *Adventurer;* but he has omitted noticing that the story entitled "*Shun the Appearance of Vice*" is equally pilfered from the same source; being a literal copy (variation of names excepted,) of the story of *Desdemona*, Vol. IV. Nos. 117. 118.

A CONSTANT READER.

AN ESSAY ON BRUCE'S TRAVELS,

AND

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

Resumed from page 15.

AMONG the thousand improbabilities attending the supposition that the great river of Abyssinia, ever was or could be considered as the *Astapus*, it will not escape notice, that this branch is always treated as one infinitely inferior in consequence to the Astaberas, though in point of magnitude and importance, it bears the same proportion to the Mareb, Tacazze and Dender, as London to Dublin, or a Patagonian to a Laplander.

The accounts of Herodotus are entirely irrelevant. He was told, it seems, by the Secretary of the Temple of Minerva, that the sacred river issued out of vast lakes to the southward, which he placed near Syene, the modern Assouan in Upper Egypt.—Granting even that he had, or rather Herodotus had, mistaken the name of the place, nothing is thence proved in favour of the *Bahar el Abiad*, which has no connection with any lake. The description can only suit the Blue River, or perhaps the Maleg. The information he details as given by the inhabitants of interior Africa with whom he conversed, has already been shewn to apply to the river called the Niger.

It is almost unnecessary to mention more modern accounts, since they are all more or less copied from Ptolemy. The river mentioned by Juba, (as quoted by Pliny) is clearly the Niger, and no other river which runs eastward. It may not be improper to remark, that *Esduri*, the Arabian geographer, servilely copies Ptolemy in his account of the Nile, joining much romantic nonsense of his own. He admits however what is abundantly sufficient for our purpose. He asserts that the natives of Africa declared the "*Blue River*," (which *he* conceives to be the Astapus) to be the true Nile, which he pretends to deny, *not from his own knowledge*, but from his own mistaken notion of the authority of Ptolemy. That the *Bahar el Azergue* was generally considered by the natives of those countries to be the

river of Egypt, is a matter of fact which he positively attests; his own opinions, founded on a groundless theory, merit no attention.

In truth the whole information Ptolemy or any of his age could give, seems little more than an amplification of that communicated by Eratosthenes, as quoted by Strabo. He mentions the Astaberas, and Astapus, which some call the Astosabas as falling into the Nile, and adds "but they say there is another running from the south out of certain lakes, and that this nearly makes up the straight body of the Nile, and *that the summer rains occasion its overflowing.*" These two latter circumstances, clearly point out the great river of Abyssinia, as they are applicable to no other of the streams which join the Nile.

But it may still be objected, that however at variance with one another, and with the truth, all accounts agree that the source of the Nile is in the *Mountains of the Moon,* which are not in Abyssinia. (By the way I know not that these mountains are mentioned previous to Ptolemy.) But where are these Mountains of the Moon? If by that name be meant the range of hills intersecting Africa from east to west a few degrees north of the equator, or even the highest part of them, I assert that the appellation is just as well suited to those of Abyssinia, as of any to the westward. No doubt we see in the modern maps the Mountains of the Moon, but these are merely the dreams of Arabian geographers following Ptolemy. There is not the vestige of a proof that any part of these ranges of mountains ever bore that name in any part of Africa. The Abyssinian mountains are probably the highest of that extensive range; at least very near the sources of the rivers falling into the Abay, streams take their rise and flow into the Indian Ocean. It will not avail the supporters of the argument deduced from the "Lunar Mountains," that their name might have been acquired from the worship of that luminary by the inhabitants, seeing this will apply to all the Pagan inhabitants of Nubia, whether on the mountains or the plains, whether on the banks of the Blue or White Rivers, the Maleg or the Dender, in fact to all the Polytheists of Africa, and perhaps every where else. A late Reviewer very neatly and truly observes (vide Eclectic Review) that

"the Mountains *of* the Moon, are less known than the Mountains *in* the Moon."

If Major Rennel have not deviated from his usual accuracy, or if I mistake him not, I apprehend the question, at least this branch of it, to be decided in favour of the claims of the Blue River.—It was a favourite opinion of the ancients, that the Niger and Nile rose from the same lake; nay that the Niger fell into the Nile; that at any rate the connection between them was so intimate that we continually find them associated in the minds of poets.—Nay, if we can believe Browne, Horneman, &c. it is still the opinion of the natives that they are one and the same river.--If by the Niger, the *Jollabola* described by Park be meant, how rivers whose sources are near two thousand miles distant, could ever be supposed to originate in one lake, is not easily accounted for, but upon some idea of the gross ignorance of the ancients, or perhaps of the vast extent of that range of hills now called Mountains of the Moon. But the belief of their connection was generally received, and is, it seems, still entertained.—But by what river, in the opinion of the Africans, does this junction take place? why this very Bahar el Azergue, and not by the Bahar el Abiad, if we are to credit, and if I mistake not the meaning of, the greatest geographer in the world. This opinion cannot be founded on observation, but must rest upon traditionary reports, founded perhaps on the legends of Egyptian priests or Greek geographers; it proves, however, that those narratives of the Niger and the Nile referred to the river of Abyssinia. The absurdity of any such real connection, Major Rennel proves by the best of arguments, *i. e.* that the source of the Nile, probably as high as that of the Niger, must be many thousand feet more elevated than the latter at the end of its immense course. It is merely of the ancient opinion of their connection I speak, and thence infer, that it was the river of Abyssinia alone, they (the ancients) viewed as the true Nile.

As I write entirely from recollection, not having the advantage of a single book to refer to, I may in this, as in some other points, have mistaken the meaning of Major Rennel. The several arguments, as will be hereafter shewn, in favour of Bruce, can be but little affected by it.

The information to be derived from the ancients, merely amounts to this:—that the Nile rose from an immense lake or lakes far to the south, and to the eastward of Egypt, indeed near the Indian Ocean, and which lakes were situated in the *Mountains of the Moon*, or that range of hills which intersects Africa from east to west, from Cape Gardefan to Cape Verd:—that in its course it partly enclosed *Meroe;* receiving other rivers particularly the Astaberas and Astapus, now the Tecazze and the Mareb, (perhaps by the latter sometimes was meant the Bender, or even at times the Guangue;)—that it (the Nile) was so intimately connected with another large river, usually called the Niger, that in the opinion of some, they originated from the same lake, and according to others, ultimately formed the same river. Even these circumstances are not uniformly adhered to; the very names of the different auxiliary rivers; nay, the situation of Meroe itself, though almost at their very doors, were not precisely ascertained by ancient writers. These two points only seem universally agreed upon, viz. that the source of the Nile lay to the south eastward, and that it issued from immense lakes, situated in the highest part of the African peninsula where rivers also took their rise and course to the Indian Ocean. These particulars can apply to the river of Abyssinia only:—the *Bahar el Abiad* does not possess a single feature of resemblance to the above description. The appellation "Mountains of the Moon," the very existence of which is unproved, seems to have been more universal than that of Caucasus, Ararat or Taurus, the very scite or limits of which are to this day the object of dispute. Such an appellation was most probably of astronomical or mythological origin, and might as as well apply to the mountains of Abyssinia, as to those in *Dar Fur*, or any where else. The greatest adversaries of Bruce, even Browne, have not pretended or indeed insinuated, that a lake of any kind exists at the source of the "*White River.*" We are of course, on every principle of fair reasoning, bound to believe that the Nile of the ancients, like that of the moderns, rose in the mountains of Abyssinia, and flowed into the immense lake Dembea, which alone merits the epithets bestowed upon that from which the "Sacred River," flowed; that the religious wo ship still paid to the Abay by the present Pagan natives, is the

remnant of that which was bestowed on the river of Egypt from its source to its embouchure in the Mediterranean.

But to proceed to the second branch of this question. The names of mountains and rivers, particularly the latter, in suitry climates especially, are seldom subject to the revolutions of language, but generally retain those bestowed upon them by the aboriginal inhabitants of the countries in which they are situated. Notwithstanding the Roman, Saxon, Danish and Norman conquests and colonizations of south Britain the greatest parts of the rivers and mountains of that country, still retain their Celtic denominations. These appellations express the form, or figure, or other quality of the objects they are meant to express. It is indeed from these names, that a clue is afforded for tracing the original inhabitants of any territory. Occasionally the original name, when descriptive of known qualities, may be, and actually is, translated into the language of the conqueror, but in those circumstances the original appellation can easily be traced.

The river in question has borne the name of Nile or Neel from such remote antiquity, as to induce the supposition that it was bestowed by the most ancient inhabitants of Egypt, of Nubia, and Ethiopia.—Unfortunately little is known of the ancient language of Egypt, or of Meroe, but happily the industry of modern times has unfolded to the present age the stores of literature of a nation perhaps equally ancient, equally learned, and possessing a religion wonderfully similar. How or when the intercourse between Egypt and India commenced:—whether the latter received with colonies her religion, language, and polity from the former, is still unknown, (thanks for this, and some other things, to the *caution* of the Asiatic Society.) But that a great intercourse and a most intimate connection subsisted between them in times now most remote, is firmly established by the sacred books of the Hindoos, in which are found vast remains of the religion, customs, nay, the very legendary tales of the countries lying on the banks of the Nile. The topography of these, seems nearly as well known, and is almost as fully described in the Puranas, as that of the territories watered by the *Indus*, by the *Ganges*, or the still greater *Buhampooter*. There curiosity naturally looks for in-

formation respecting Egypt and the Nile, and there curiosity is not disappointed. Captain Wilford, from these sources, has written a long and most ingenious dissertation upon Egypt and the Nile, but, as was natural, his conclusions are often questionable. Indeed it has already been stated, that his *Nanda*, which he will have to be the Nile of Abyssinia, can be no other than the Tacazze, and his little *Chrishna* the Mareb, (the Astaberas and Astosabas or Astapus of the Greeks:) it appears however, that it was from these books, that Ptolemy received at Alexandria, from the learned Indians he owns his obligations to, much of the information he details regarding Egypt, Meroe, &c.

But from these sources, one fact most material to this question seems to be established—I mean the original name of the river of Egypt. *Now* it is demonstrated, what indeed has long been suspected, that all the ancient names of this river, denoted the colour of its waters. Thus Nil or Niler, a pure Sanscrit word, signifies *blue* or dark azure: Cali and Chrishna (other Sanscrit names of this river) denote the colour dark blue, or azure. The Greek name *Melos*, was, it seems, merely a translation of the Egyptian name of the holy river. It now therefore is clear, that the original name of the most celebrated river of the world, is at this very moment applied to it, by all the inhabitants of Nubia and Barbara. Those who know the river in question, from Abyssinia to Egypt, give it the appellation of *Bahar el Azergue*, a literal translation of Nile, Neel, Cali, &c. the epithets applied to it by almost every ancient nation, during a course of many thousand years. Both above and below its junction with the *Bahar el Abiad* or White River, it retains the same name, though the original one (Nile or Neel) is not altogether unknown; and that among various nations, some of these originally from the banks of the White River, or Pseudo Nile, who would naturally wish to arrogate to their native stream the right of giving its name to the most famous of all rivers. When we thus see those nations differing from each other in almost every thing else, without one dissenting voice, concurring in bestowing upon this river, both above and below its junction with the White River, an appellation which it has continued to bear for thousands of years, thus unanimously asserting that it is the main branch of

the great river, we should naturally expect that incredulity itself, if it still should distrust the pretensions of Bruce, would do so with modesty and deference, never in the tone of arrogant contempt, or in the language of scurrility. The character of Mr. Bruce, little as it can be affected, in the opinion of those knowing any thing of the parties, by the abuse of Pinkerton, &c. &c. may challenge from any quarter the most rigid scrutiny. Failings he undoubtedly had; his self love was carried to a length, which even *his* merits could hardly excuse: but of deliberate fraud, or wilful imposture he was as incapable as are some of his libellers of the feelings and expressions of men of honour and gentlemen.

Were all the above facts and arguments to fall to the ground, still the claims of our countryman would not thereby be invalidated. The Nile is composed of three great streams, the middle one of which, and indeed much of the last, he completely explored. This branch (the middle one) was in Europe for centuries almost universally considered to be the true Nile. To reach its fountains was the object of his journey, which he attained amidst difficulties and dangers almost unparalleled. Duly to appreciate his merits, we ought to contrast his, with the efforts of others. Numbers before, and all since have, after every exertion, been unable to trace his footsteps, even in the least inaccessible of the countries he traversed. Midst savage hordes, mortal enemies to the very name of Europeans, sanguinary, cruel, and atrociously perfidious, his courage, his sagacity, his circumspection procured him not only safety but respect. Among the bloodiest of fanatics and the most brutal of savages he prosecuted and advanced science with an ardour and success, which great minds can alone feel and accomplish: this, not as a wretched fugitive, in disguise sneaking into those countries, but with the state of a gentleman and the apparatus of a philosopher. Above 400 articles added to natural history; the revolutions and history of a most celebrated and ancient nation; geography enriched by most accurate charts of near 20 degrees of latitude of an unknown part of the globe. A collection the most superb ever formed of the remains of ancient art; the most accurate and interesting delineations of society, manners and customs of numerous nations but just known by name, which ever were prevented to the public; such are the true claims of James

Bruce to public regard. In a word the travels of Bruce rank in the first class of those scientific undertakings which are almost the exclusive ornaments of the present reign, whether we consider the boldness and arduous nature of his attempts the importance of their object, or the felicity of their execution. Such was the man whose ashes hardly cold, must he raked up, his well earned fame tarnished, and his moral character degraded by, I am ashamed to say, a Scotsman. But to return—

The opinion of all Europe for centuries respecting the situation of the sources of the Nile, was a sufficient motive to induce Mr. Bruce to seek it in Abyssinia. In this opinion every native of that country concurred. From the earliest times the inhabitants of Habbesh (Abyssinia) have understood the river of Egypt to have its principal source in their country where it cannot be denied that by far the greatest part of the rain falls which inundates and fertilizes the territories near the Nile, as besides the Abay (Bahar el Azergue) the Maleg (a very large river which joins the Bahar el Abiad, and for which Mr. Bruce and others seem to have mistaken it) the Dender, the Tacazze, the Mareb, &c. *all* have their sources and supplies.

But if the right of the inhabitants of a country where a river rises, and through which it flows, to give to it the proper appellation be called in question, whose title are we to admit? not only the Abyssinians but the natives of Senaar, themselves too originally from the western branch, concur in declaring the Abay or Blue River to be the true river of Egypt, but those Nubians and Arabs inhabiting its banks, both above and below its junction with the Bahar el Abiad, unite in expressing their firm conviction that it is the main branch of the Nile. What testimony can be decisive if this be insufficient? But besides this, the very name of the full stream from Egypt to Senaar, is that of Bahar el Azergue, by which it was denominated previous to its junction with the western branch, and this name, or one denoting the same idea as has already been shewn, it has continued to bear from the remotest antiquity. What can entitle any stream to be considered as the main one, if the preserving its name unchanged, even after its junction with others the names of which are then lost, shall be set at nought? Are the surmises or interpretations of bookworms founded upon

the supposed opinions of men dead above twenty centuries; these opinions always obscure or false, nay their very authors clearly ignorant of the truth or falsehood of what they assert; are *these* to cut down testimony so clear, so pointed, so decisive? in that event we must have a new nomenclature for all rivers, hills and mountains; no one must name the river on the banks of which he was born, as his ancestors, and all the world have done from time immemorial, because modern writers pretend to discover that two thousand years ago such a stream had a different appellation bestowed upon it by old writers who knew almost nothing about it.

But say these writers, the largest of two uniting streams should communicate its own name to the river thereby formed. But is this necessarily the case? such an innovation would be attended with the *slight* inconvenience of having christened anew many of the greatest rivers, which under their present appellations are the boundaries of kingdoms, of provinces, and private properties. It is generally understood that of two or more branches forming a river that which has the slightest course, or deviates the least from the meridian, should confer the name upon the mutual river, unless its magnitude should be prodigiously disproportioned to the other. The Forth, before its junction with the Teath, is little more than a broad, deep, muddy, almost still ditch, not contributing the one fourth of the waters of the mutual stream of the greatest river of Scotland, and yet this insignificant puddle (so to speak) retains its name from its source to its discharge in the ocean, notwithstanding the *rights* of the far greater river (Teath). The river Galla, before its junction with the Heriot, is hardly visible, yet it continues to give its name to the large stream almost entirely furnished by the latter. The name of the Ohio, though infinitely of greater magnitude, is with its waters lost in the Mississippi. But it is needless to multiply examples; the same thing takes place in numberless instances within any ones recollection. Magnitude therefore is a criterion neither universal, nor even general. The course of the Bahar el Azergue, which deviates less from the meridian than that of the Bahar el Abiad, confers upon the former an unquestionable title to bestow its name upon the mutual branch, even admitting its inferiority in bulk.

Even this point, immaterial as we have shewn it to be, is not *yet* to be yielded by the *Bahar el Azergue*. It is

not enough, in determining the question of *magnitude*, that one stream be bulkier to appearance than another for a few miles; it ought to retain its superiority during the greater part of its course. The Maleg (which rises in Abyssinia) joins the "*white*" not far above its junction with the *Blue* river, and may, for ought we yet know, be the bulkier stream of the two: at all events, this, and I believe many other rivers, must add a very considerable proportion of its waters to the western branch, whereas the Blue river gains (with the exception of the Dender) but little from its issuing out of the Lake Dembea, to its junction with the Bahar el Abiad.

Indeed I do not believe that the contributions of the "Blue river" to the common stream are exceeded by those of the "White river." The latter is said to be very deep, but to run so slowly that its motion is imperceptible. Now a very small stream, rapid as the Blue river, may in a given time contribute much more water than the Bahar el Abiad, the bulky appearance of which, at one or two particular places, may be entirely fallacious. What convinces me of the inferiority of the western branch is the fact, admitted I think by Browne, *i. e.* that the Bahar el Azergue is *broader*, and its current infinitely more rapid than the Bahar el Abiad. Let it be remembered, too, that the latter (chiefly from the Maleg) has the advantage of some months longer rains than the former, by which means its current never fails. The deep interest which the Nile has always excited is owing to the inundation and fertilization of Egypt, and the countries in its vicinity. Now, from a comparison of Mr. Bruce's register of the weather, kept in Abyssinia, with the average increase of the inundations at Cairo, it appears clear to me that it is the Bahar el Azergue which contributes the most to the overflowing of Egypt, &c. In fact the inundation *subsides when the rains cease in Abyssinia* (*i. e.* early in September) *though the western branch continues full (indeed should rise) considerably above a month afterwards.* Even therefore upon the principle of *magnitude*, it would be rash to arrogate the superiority to the Bahar el Abiad, at least until we possess better information than what has yet reached Europe. So far as it affects the question at issue, the matter is but of trivial importance.

From these considerations, (and many others might be stated) I think it clearly appears, that the objections

to Mr. Bruce's claim of having explored the sources of the true Nile, are equally groundless with those other calumnious reports which have so long assailed the character of that great Man, the falsehood of which, time and investigation have already demonstrated, and will continue more and more to demonstrate. It would be to the advantage of the reputation, and augment the utility of modern travellers, were they, instead of eagerly seeking occasions of detracting from the merits of the most illustrious of their predecessors, to imitate his excellencies—his intrepidity, his daring adventurous spirit, his independence of mind, his zeal and his knowledge.

I have already hinted that the above observations are collected from recollection, circumstances preventing for the present any reference to printed books in any language which treat of this subject. Should I find, upon such reference, sufficient cause to enlarge or alter these remarks in whole or in part, or reason to change my present opinion upon this subject, I shall have to entreat you for the insertion of another letter in your valuable Cabinet.

I am, &c.

Carronside, June, 1807. JUSTUS.

A PANEGYRIC UPON IMPUDENCE.

ORATORS and men of wit have frequently amused themselves with maintaining paradoxes. Thus, Erasmus has written a panegyric upon *folly:* Montaigne has said fine things upon *ignorance*, which he somewhere calls "the softest pillow a man can lay his head upon:" and Cardan, in his *Encomium Neronis*, has, I suppose, defended every vice and every folly. It is astonishing to me, that no one has yet done justice to *impudence;* which has so many advantages, and for which so much may be said. Did it never strike you, what simple, naked, uncompounded *impudence* will do? what strange and astonishing effects it will produce? Aye, and without birth, without property, without principle, without even artifice and address, without indeed any single quality, but the *æs frontis triplex*, "the front of three-fold brass."—Object not folly, vice, or villainy however black: these are puny things: from a visage truly bronzed and seared, from features muscularly fixed and hardened, issues forth a broad

overpowering glare, by which all these are as totally hid, as the spots of the sun by the lustre of his beams. Were not this so, how is it, that impudence shall make impressions to advantage: shall procure admission to the highest personages, *and no questions asked;* shall suffice (in short) to make a man's fortune, when no merit could even render itself visible? * I ask no more to insure success, than that there be but enough of it: † without success a man is ruined and undone, there being no mean. Should one ravage half the globe, and destroy a million of his fellow-creatures, yet, if at length he arrive at empire, as Cæsar did, he shall be admired while living as an hero, and adored perhaps as a god when dead: though were the very same person, like Catiline to fail in the attempt, he would be hanged as a little scoundrel robber, and his name devoted to infamy or oblivion. ‡

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* "Impudence," says *Osborn*, "is no virtue, yet able to beggar them all; being for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve, and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest preferments: as useful in a court, as armour in a camp. Scotchmen have ever made good the truth of this, who will go farther with a shilling, than an Englishma can ordinarily pass for a crown." *Advice to a Son.*—But this to my thinking is rather a mark of superior wisdom, than of superior impudence: I suspect an error of the press, and that instead of *Scotchmen* it should have been *Irishmen*. Not that I approve of *national* strictures: there is no occasion to apply either to *Scotland* or *Ireland* for impudence of the very first metal.

† *Qui semel verecundiæ fines transierit, oportet esse gnaviter impudentem.* Cicero.

‡ This comparison of a hero with a robber hath been often made. "Father Mascaron told us from the pulpit to-day," says Madam de Maintenon, "that the *hero was a robber, who did at the head of an army, what a highwayman did alone.* Our master," she adds, "was not pleased with the comparison:" *notre maitre n'a pas été content de la comparaison.* Lettres, 9 Fev. 1675.—Boileau's language is equally forcible, in Sat. xi. v. 75.

Un injuste guerrier, terreur de l' univers,
N'est qu'un plus grand voleur, que du Teste, &c.

"I am a pirate," said one of that order to Alexander, "because I have only a single vessel: had I a great fleet, I should be a conqueror."—Seneca calls conquerors *magnos et furiosos latrones*; and justly: *quid enim*, as St. Augustin says, *sunt regna, remotâ justitiâ, nisi magna latrocinia?*

Pray, what do you think the elder Pliny suggests, when he affirms it to be "the prorogative of the Art of Healing, that any man, who professes himself a physician, is instantly received as such?" * He certainly suggests, that such sort of professors in his days, like the itenerant and advertising doctors of ours, had a more than ordinary portion of that bold, self-important, and confident look and manner, which, with a very little heightening, may justly be called impudence. And what but this could enable a little paltry physician, of no name or character, to gain so mighty an ascendency over such a spirit, as that of Lewis XI. of France? Read the account in Philip de Commine; and then blame me, if you can, for thinking so highly of this accomplishment.—True it is, that Lewis was afraid of death even to horror, and so as not to bear the sound of the word; and I grant, that on this same fear the empire of physic, as well as the empire of divinity, is chiefly founded: but I insist, that neither the one nor the other will ever be raised effectually, without the aid and co-operation of this great and sovereign quality.

Pope Gregory VII. who governed the church from 1073 to 1085, is celebrated for having carried ecclesiastical dominion to the height: for he was the first who maintained and established, that popes, by excommunication, may depose kings from their states, and loose subjects from their allegiance. And how did he effect this? Not by genius or eloquence; not by a knowledge of canon law, and the constitutions of the holy see; no, nor by the arts of policy and grimaces of his religion (with all which he was amply endowed) but by a most insolent, daring, usurping spirit. He seized the papal chair by force, as it were; threw the church into confusion to gratify his ambition;

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* *In hâc artium solâ evenit, ut cuicunque medicum se professo statim credatur.* Nat. Hist. xxix.—I cannot, however, confine this to physic: it is true, more or less, of *all* the professions:

For he that has but impudence
To *all* things has a fair pretence.

And, certainly, it is most true of divinity. Let any peasant or village mechanic start forth as a preacher, without any preparation or qualification of any kind, will he not instantly be followed, and listened to as a divine?

made kings his slaves, and bishops his creatures; and established in his own person a tyranny over things both spiritual and temporal.—But my admiration of impudence transports me too far: I will say no more upon it. S.

THE EMPIRE OF AVA

CONVERTED TO THE RELIGION OF MAHOMET.

AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

From the French.

Part II.

Ta-Haider knew that his beloved Nahela was the favourite sultana of the emperor of Ava; he had confided a part of his secret to the missionary Dervises, and these reverend persons, whose opinion was sanctioned by the court of Cochin-China, thought they saw in all this the finger of providence, pointing out the mode of converting a great empire.

In the suite of the ambassador was an old Cochin-Chinese dwarf who sold articles of jewellery.

Nahela was young and pretty; she was consequently a coquette, and fond of jewels; the emperor proposed that the dwarf should be brought to her; he struck the ground with his *tam-tam*, and the six thousand eunuchs cried out: "the emperor is about to speak."

"Let the dwarf approach," said the emperor, and the dwarf advanced; he walked upon little crutches, and was known by the name of the *little Mustapha*.

"Truly, little Mustapha," said Nahela to him, "you have all the appearance of a sorcerer." "I am a mussulman, madam," replied the little Mustapha, rather drily, "and I am come to shew you some jewels." He displayed before her some of his most valuable commodities; the Sultana turned them carelessly over. "Here is a Cochin-Chinese ring," said the dwarf.

Nahela eagerly seized it. "It is very pretty," said she, endeavouring to conceal her agitation. "Keep it," said the Sultan to her, and he placed it on her finger.

"Here are some others," continued the dwarf. Na-

hela discovered that all the rings were very pretty, and one after the other, they all found their way on her fingers.

She had perceived on the enamel of the first of these rings, the cipher of Ta-Haider; she saw inscribed on each of the others Cochin-Chinese characters, scarcely perceptible, and expressions of love conveyed in hieroglyphicks. Nahela had learned to decipher the mysteries which these hieroglyphicks concealed, and while affecting to admire the several brilliants, she read the following words.

"Ta-Haider, thy faithful Ta-Haider still loves thee; —dost thou, Nahela, still love thy Ta-Haider?—Doth ever a thought of him possess thy bosom?—He is a mussulman;—follow his example;—the Dervises are our friends. The dwarf will bring me thine answer. Ta-Haider dies, if Nahela no longer loves him."

Nahela instantly formed her resolution. "You are a mussulman, you say," addressing the little Mustapha, and without waiting for an answer she turned to the Sultan, "Signor," said she, with an earnestness more than usual, "may Tien and Brahma unite to bless the days of your glorious reign; but for your slave she can never be happy, 'till she become a Mahometan. It is an odd fancy, I grant; but I feel something within (placing her hand on her heart) that tells me no other religion can bestow true happiness."

This was an answer to Ta-Haider's *billet*, and the little Mustapha, after nine prostrations, retired. The emperor threw out some objections which appeared to him conclusive, but which had no such effect on the mind of the Sultana, on whom the spirit of the prophet operated so rapidly, that the good Kein-Hang willing to gratify her, struck the earth once more with his *tam-tam*, and said to the chief of the eunuchs, "Go, and see whether there are any Dervises in my anti-chamber."

The seraglios of the East have not what we call antichambers, but they have halls which resemble them, where for a century and a half, either Dervises or Santons were usually to be met with.—It was at this time, the grand æra for propagating Mahometanism. It is not therefore surprizing that Dervises should be found in the antichambers of the seraglio of Ava; they there converted more or less the slaves and eunuchs; these

converted the damsels of the court, who in their turn attempted the conversion of their mistresses; and the Sultan Kein-Hang, *the Light of the Lights that illuminate the East*, was, without suspecting any thing, almost the only person in the palace, who was not a little of a mussulman.

He who appeared to be the principal Dervise, was ordered to approach. He had attained the rank of chief of the Asiatic missions in Cochin-China, Pegu, Tonquin, Ava, and other neighbouring kingdoms known or unknown. He had already run a laborious career in China. He was a philosopher, a great mathematician, and a profound astronomer; he was in other respects, a good sort of man; easy, accommodating, polite, indulgent, somewhat of a hypocrite if you will, and loved all the world, the Santons only excepted. The Cochin-Chinese called him *Father Tutto*. Father Tutto converted for conversion sake: he fulfilled all the duties of his mission, and strictly conformed to the instructions of the grand Mufti; he did not scruple at times to resort to a few miracles; he could not indeed carry a quarter of the moon in his sleeve, as the prophet had done; but he restored dead persons to life, and walked over rivers with dry feet. One day his chaplet fell into the sea, and it was brought back to him by a crab. The authors of the golden legend of the mussulmen relate, that the crab not thinking it right to turn his posteriors on so holy a man, retreated backwards, and they very gravely add, that ever since this event, crabs have moved in the same retrograde manner.

The Dervise was introduced. Kien-Hang was a tolerant monarch; a Chinese by his father's, a Hindoo by the mother's side, he made no difference between Tohi and Vishnou; the images of both these deities equally embellished the hall in which his throne was erected, and Father Tutto, after having prostrated himself nine times before the Sultan, saluted the two gods, one after the other, with a profound inclination of the head.

Nahela had let down two of her three veils. Kien-Hang, who was only jealous because it was then the custom to be so in the empire of Ava, was at the bottom superior to this weakness. He lifted up the veils of his favourite himself.

"Is there not here," said he familiarly to the Dervise, "wherewithal to make a very pretty Mahometan?"

The father replied: "God is good; there is no God but one, and Mahomet is one of his prophets." He added that he perceived symptoms of faith in the large black eyes of Nahela.

The Sultan continued: "they say father, your religion is a very good one." "It would be still more so," replied the Dervise, "if there were no Santons among us;" and he immediately related the history of a violent persecution which the Santon missionaries had excited against the Dervises in the kingdom of Siam.

Kien-Hang desired the Dervise to give him some idea of the doctrines and mysteries of his religion. Tutto satisfied him upon every point; he made him acquainted with the angel Gabriel and the 'Koran; he next spoke slightly of the prohibition against the drinking of wine, but expatiated at large on the delights of Paradise, and the *Houris;* the *Houris* seemed to please his highness mightily.

Of all the mysteries, that of *transformation* appeared to the emperor the most simple. As Vishnou was incarnated nine times, and transformed three times to a horse, Mahomet he thought, might easily enough be changed twice into a dromedary. It is true that the Sultan had no great faith in this story, but all his wives gave full credit to it.

When the Dervise had left off speaking, Nahela asked the sublime Sultan, with apparent enthusiasm, what he thought of the matter. He said it was well enough, but he did not feel quite convinced; the favourite, on the contrary, was dying with impatience to receive the last seal of her conversion. The good Dervise, before he took his leave, gave the Sultana a phial, which contained, he said, the tears and sighs of a young Cochin-Chinese, who died for his religion; he also presented her with a beautiful relic, curiously wrought with hair; the hair was likewise that of a Cochin-Chinese martyr. Nahela conveyed these precious gifts to her lips, and fervently kissed them.

The father promised to send her a Cochin-Chinese convert to finish her instruction; the Sultan did not think that absolutely necessary: but he was in love, and whatever gave pleasure to the Sultana, was agreeable to him.

The convert, some days after, was introduced. The reader may easily conjecture who he was; but he will not so readily guess the sort of scene which was preparing to give the finishing stroke to the conversion of this mighty empire.

"Heavens! it is my brother," exclaimed Nahela.—"Gracious powers!" cried Ta-Haider, "my sister!" and before any body had time to prevent it, they were clasped in each other's embrace. The attendants hastened to separate them, when both fell backwards, pale, and dying.——

"What does all this mean," said Kien-Hang, "God is good," said the Dervise—"don't you see that a brother has found a sister in the Sultana?"

The sister was placed on one sofa, the brother on another. They seemed as if struck with death.

"She is dead," sorrowfully exclaimed the wise Kien-Hang, the *Light of the Lights that illuminate the East.* The physicians, the fakirs, the talapoins, the bonzes, the eunuchs, all declared that she was dead. Kien-Hang was inconsolable, tore his hair, and disfigured his countenance. The Dervise, after repeating very often "*God is good,*" appeared absorbed in the most profound meditation.

"Father," said Kien-Hang, "I am told that you have the power of restoring the dead." "I have sometimes succeeded," replied Tutto, "in reviving mussulmen, but the miracle has never been worked upon two at once; besides Nahela has not yet received the prophet's faith. I will therefore, to render glory to Allah, and to gratify you, signor, restore the brother who has been circumcised."

"Leave the Cochin-Chinese as he is," replied the Sultan, "but restore Nahela to me, and to-morrow I will embrace your faith." "This promise," said the Dervise, "will be received by the prophet, who will revive not only the sister, but the brother also. Signor, retire awhile."

Kien-Hang withdrew, but whispered to the Dervise as he went out, that he need not give himself any trouble about the Cochin-Chinese.

The reader must know, that the relic given by Tutto to the Sultana, inclosed a billet in which the plot of this scene was explained to her; the phial filled with sighs and tears, contained a subtle spirit, prepared by the

Dervise. Ta-Haider and Nahela were to inhale the liquid both at the same time, and they executed this part of the contrivance very adroitly; the first effect of the spirit, was to cause a fainting away, more or less prolonged in proportion to its strength; an icy coldness next took possession of the limbs; a livid hue spread over the countenance, and the whole frame became stiff and motionless.

The Sultan had no sooner left them than Tutto applied another spirit to his two patients, which counteracted the effects of the former, and immediately restored them to their senses.

"The time presses," my children, said the Dervise: "you have only one moment to say that you still love each other. The prophet will bless your union: the conversion of the empire of Ava——"

He would have said a good deal more, but Nahela and Ta-Haider were already occupied in attending to his first suggestion.

The good father retired to a corner to pray. In the mean time the heralds announced to the city of Ava, that a Dervise had worked a miracle in the palace, and that the circumscision of the emperor was immediately to take place. The report soon reached every corner of the empire, and some Santons who had just arrived on the frontiers, were forced to turn back, and take up their residence in the adjoining countries.

Having finished his devotions, the Dervise announced to the impatient Kien-Hang, that Nahela was brought to life again. The Sultan hastened to embrace her: he was followed by his eight hundred and thirty-five other wives, and their six thousand eunuchs; his ten thousand elephants were ranged in the courts of the palace, and his hundred thousand men were under arms. The two rivers of Irrouaddy resounded with the cry of *Allah! Allah!*

The poets of the court celebrated the favourite Sultana, her charms, her virtues, her little cocked-up nose, her large black eyes, her love for the Sultan, and her affection for her brother.

The Sultan was every day more and more enamoured of Nahela; the brother was named chief mandarin; the Dervise received the appointment of grand astronomer of the empire; his brethren made the almanacks, calculated the eclipses, and converted the

infidels; the grand astronomer reformed the calendar of the country, and no Santon was ever again suffered to pass the frontiers of Ava. * * *

THE ARTS.

No. VII.

REPLY TO THE APOLOGY FOR THE CHALK MANNER OF ENGRAVING.

" Be thou as chaste as ice——as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape *Calumny*."

MR. CONDUCTOR,

A correspondent of your's who professes to write "An Apology for the Chalk manner of Engraving," has attempted to impose on your readers by an envious and very illiberal attack on the professional character of Mr. Landseer. It appeared in your last number, and as an antidote cannot be administered too soon after poison, I rely on the candour which has hitherto presided in your *Cabinet* council, for an immediate insertion of the following lines; of which the object is less to vindicate Mr. L., for that is less necessary, than to expose the insidious, ungenerous, and uncalled-for conduct of your Apologist, and set on their guard such of your readers (if any such there be) as do not see what bulges the cloak of this assassin: The lecturer may rely on what he has written, and on what he may further intend, and may say with the Spartan, "*strike* but *hear*:" but malevolent designs should still be exposed, that the public may repel with deserved abhorrence every attempt to stigmatise innocence, or to invade the peaceful abodes of studious retirement.

It is fortunate for society that bad men in their reasonings, frequently overlook very important points. A distinguished artist very wittily encountered a witticism of Garth, by saying that he "would take any thing from the doctor, but——his prescriptions." Your correspondent (who also would be thought a distinguished artist)

is of quite opposite sentiments: he will take nothing from Mr. L. but what is personally administered. He seems not to be aware that the public——looking beyond the cloud of sophistry with which he craftily attempts to obscure their perceptions —will see that the TRUTH of what Mr. L. has advanced, is not, and cannot be, at all affected, by what he has, or has not engraven. If he had never cut a line, or if he were the author of as many plates as Bartolozzi, and as admirable as your correspondent would insinuate his own performances to be, his account of the introduction of Chalk engraving into this country, which has so highly offended your *generous* correspondent, would neither be verified the less on that account, nor can be falsified the more. Your generous, your *liberal* correspondent, professes himself to be the advocate of Chalk engraving, and would insist that no person is competent to speak of an art, but who practically excels in that art. It is fair to infer that he is prepared to prove not only that 'Garth did not write his own Dispensary,' but that Mr. Clarke of Edinburgh, who never commanded a ship, (nor was even ever at sea, if common report may be credited) was not the author of the system of naval tactics——or else that the system is idle and illusory which taught Rodney and Nelson, and all the best and bravest of our admirals to conquer: it is just to conclude, that he will send Sir Joshua Reynolds to the drawing school, before he allows the smallest credit to his discourses; that he will compel Mr. Payne Knight to produce statues from his own chisel, and pictures from his own pencil, ere he listens to that gentleman's criticisms on Art, or 'principles of taste;' and that he will set the committee of taste which the House of Commons has selected, to model public monuments, before he allows them to sit in judgment on the models of others. Further, it is reasonable to expect, that if your *logical* and *candid* correspondent does not conclude his apology with his own name, we shall at least be surprised and edified by a *line* which shall vie with those of Protogenes and Apelles of old.

Mr. L's account of the introduction of Chalk engraving into England, is perhaps not the best written part of his volume of Lectures, yet is a detail of facts * (not

* In justice to your readers and to the other parties concerned, would it not be well for you to print the whole, if you can find room

a chain of reasoning which might possibly be fallacious) which the writer before me, does not, and I suppose cannot, and has recourse to the lowest artifice of the lowest vulgar; that of filling up the deficient measure of his argument with an overflow of invective. He mingles reverence for the antique, with scandalous scurrility, and seems to imagine that your readers will be agreeably surprised while he discloses how near Billingsgate the Castalian fount may bubble. By the shallow artifice of passing over three pages, in order to bring together and confound, literal with figurative expression, he hopes to impose an idea *upon those who have not read Mr. L's book*, that that gentleman's "manner of writing is palpably obscure and grossly contradictory:" now, he who essays to convict another of false metaphor, should at least be careful of his own, yet we find your apologist prating in p. 25, of a *Sun* striking with *lightning* a tiara, &c. and darting his *meridian* rays *across* the Alps. That the public might see the Sun, this kind apologist holds a candle, and flattering himself that he has caught the public attention, he here stops to snuff it, with a *professional* flourish that might have done honour to the first theatrical candle-snuffer of the past century.

This writer appears to be actuated—I had almost said *blinded*, by a *particular interest*, in inculcating that the Chalk manner is the superior mode of engraving. If he were some wretched dotter of the lowest class who was fearful of being left out of employ, he could not shew more anxiety that Mr. L. and all the world should join in his anthem of 'Glory be to thee O Dot!'

I say not these things however, from any dislike of his favourite branch of the Art, but of base and ungenerous behaviour. I will even allow that this man (if he be a man) may possibly on this point of the superiority of Chalk engraving be in the right. He may be able to shew that Bartolozzi's chalk engravings are better than his Clytie, his Circumcision, his Silence, or his Diploma; he may prove to the satisfaction of persons of the purest taste that Woollett ought to have dotted after Wilson, and ought to have dotted the death of General Wolfe and battle of La Hogue. I only desire you to notice,

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in your next number, of those four pages, (including the Note on Alderman Boydell's pamphlet) of Mr. Landseer's Third Lecture, which this writer has made the pretence for his attack?

Sir, that he has not yet proved these things, nor disproved a single syllable of what Mr. L. has advanced on the subject before us.

It may not be less worthy of our notice, that notwithstanding the acrimony of his hostility towards the Lecturer, I cannot find that Mr. L. has any where declared an opinion as to the superior mode of engraving. Perhaps he conceives that such a preference is unnecessary, or would be indelicate or invidious. I would not however anticipate what I dare believe he will one day communicate to the public—for it is obvious from his book that he has been prevented from delivering what he intended, on the subject of modern engraving: I do not suppose that he will allow himself to be forced into any premature disclosure of his sentiments, or that he will condescend to notice at all such attacks as those of your correspondent; but I think you may infer from what he has already published, that his opinion on this point, does not materially differ from my own, which may be expressed by a slight alteration of a celebrated couplet of Pope.

> For *modes* of Sculpturing let *Fools* contest
> That which is best administered, is best.

To conclude, Mr. Editor, it requires no great depth of penetration to perceive—not that this *Apologist is* in the wrong—but that he himself entertains more than a latent suspicion that he is not in the right; for nothing can betray more the conscious baseness of a man who believes he is maintaining a bad cause, than that common artifice of crafty and venal advocates, of attacking the character of their opponent, when they cannot controvert his argument or bear down the facts he produces: and the rancour with which it is executed, is always in proportion to the baseness in which it is conceived. Conscious of being weak in truth, a bad man foolishly flatters himself that he shall prove strong in falsehood. I have said thus much sir, that such characters as this Apologist may not in future abuse the confidence of your readers, nor soil the polish of your Cabinet.

And am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

22nd *Aug.* 1807. PHILOGRAPHICUS.

MR. LANDSEER'S REMARKS ON CHALK ENGRAVING.

"Stippling is a mode of producing prints by means of combinations of dots, which are either round or multangular, as the conical point, or point of the graver, is employed to form them. Stippling with the graver, was occasionally practised both by Martin Schoen and Albert Durer, in the very infancy of the art: the latter employed it in imitating the texture of beaver hats, and other similar objects. Perceiving that it was peculiarly expressive of softness, Agostino Veneziano, and Boulanger, sometimes stippled their flesh, and Julio Campagnola his back-grounds also. Almost a century afterward, it was observed by De Marteau that by etching some of the dots and engraving others, very successful imitations of drawings hatched with chalk, might be produced; and hence it has been called the CHALK *manner* of engraving.

"In England, the chalk manner is new, having been imported from Paris not many years ago, † by Ryland, who employed it so as rather to imitate such drawings as are done with crayons, or *stumped*, than such as are *hatched* with chalk. It was run after, however, with avidity by the public, chiefly because it *was* new, for it was but a sort of retrograde and degenerate novelty as it was practised by the immediate imitators of Ryland. Yet, with so much heedless anxiety was it pursued, that people never stopt to consider whether even red-chalk or stumped drawings themselves (of which these prints were professed imitations) were so good representations of nature, or afforded a more happy and efficient means of transfusing the soul of painting, than the art of engraving in lines, as it was then exercised by Bartolozzi, Vivares, Woollett, and Strange, who were all living at the time; but—Ryland and novelty led the way, and fashion and Bartolozzi followed.

"Perhaps Bartolozzi perceived that this stippling mode of engraving, was capable of more easily bestowing that soft blending and infantile indefinity, which are conspicuous in his style;—perhaps he recollected the fate of Milton, Corregio, and Collins, and saw that the existing state of the public taste, would neither appreciate nor reward the solitary efforts of a line-engraver who should regulate his aims by exalted views of the per-

† About fifty.

facility of his art; and perhaps he knew that in executing his plates in the chalk manner, he could much sooner avail himself of the assistance of his pupils than in the more arduous practice of engraving in lines, and thus perform more rapidly the numerous commissions of the print dealers. However this may have been, certain it is that he bowed down his great abilities, and made a willing or a reluctant sacrifice of principle on the altar of fashion: an aberration which persons of real taste have not ceased to regret.

"The print dealers upon mistaken notions of private advantage, are ever exhausting the permanent hopes of the art: they are always ready, like Mr. Windham's savage, to cut down the tree in order to obtain its fruit. The novelty of chalk engraving, by calling forth their ignorant exertions, coincided with, and increased this mania of the public, and except for the landscapes of Vivares, Rooker, and Woollett, which required and exhibited, more vigour and more detail of drawing than stippling could bestow; and that now and then an historical engraving by Strange and Bartolozzi, and the series from Mr. West's History of England, (of which the death of General Wolfe was the first,) attested the existence and maintained the dignity of the legitimate art—with these illustrious exceptions, I say the engravers of Great Britain were compelled to feel and silently to acknowledge, that since 'ignorance was bliss, 'twas folly to be wise.'

"For myself,—though very young at the time, I could not help seeing with concern, that this re-discovery of, and rage for dotting, had happened at a most unfortunate period for the progress of engraving: It seemed to me as if a premature dotage had overtaken its manly prime. It has since turned out to be only one of those diseases which arise from the redundancy of particular humours—a sort of influenza, for which (if my opinion of Academies be right) the Royal Academy of Arts should have provided a remedy, but which the natural vigour of the constitution of engraving has since overcome.

"The dealers in fashionable articles, may be compared to dogs, that after a longer or a shorter chase, generally hunt their game to death. The Royal Academy had cleared no roads, and set up no directing posts, and even those among the well-intending public who were

fondest of the sport—following these hounds, lost their way in the intricate and desultory chase. As at the Easter hunt, some stop short, others are thrown from their hobbies, and others again follow the dogs to the last—so it has been with regard to the fashion of engraving so as to imitate chalk or crayon drawings. At length, however, this interesting art (of which, if I *seem*, I *only* seem to make sport) fetching a few noble bounds, has escaped from the toils of its pursuers, and now roves at leisure, when, as a means of translating pictures, it is more worthy than ever of being pursued.*

Upon what principles I am led to perceive that this province of engraving has recently disclosed more various and extensive, and richer tracts than it was formerly

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* In a pamphlet lately printed, under the signature of Mr. Josiah Boydell, which professes to contain "a Plan for the encouragement of Arts,' &c. (which is in my opinion one of the most radically defective plans ever attempted to be obtruded on the public, and founded in such gross mistake, that it might with more propriety be termed a Plan for the *dis*couragement of the Arts) we find Mr. Boydell very free in reprobating the "dotting manner," and in censuring the public for their bad taste in engraving. In speaking of the different modes of engraving, his pamphlet might have sparkled with a little useful light, if he had been able and willing to have enlightened his readers on the subject: Yet, he gives no *reasons* why one manner of engraving is to be preferred to another: nor endeavours to inform, nor to *re*form the Public Taste, but by reproaching that public with having been "the promoters of such publications,' as he now affects to contemn, *i. e.* such as are engraven in the manner of his own Shakspeare. He seems to expect that we should now believe *line*-engraving to be the superior art, for no other reason than he formerly expected or wished us to believe that *chalk* engraving was so. Upon venturing some years ago, to speak in favour of engraving in *lines*, at the Shakspeare gallery, I was told, by a person related to the present alderman, that, compared with the mode of engraving of which he now finds it expedient to speak as above, "line engraving was but an inferior art —a kind of *tattooing*, which was going fast out of fashion,"——and this was spoken as if *fashion* were known and acknowledged to be the arbiter of art.

The truth now appears to be, that the conductors of the Shakspeare kept the dotting manner *in fashion* as long as they could, (let the larger engravings for Boydell's Shakspeare contradict me, if I am wrong) for reasons which he himself divulges in the pamphlet before me, namely—because "the difference both as to time and expence is as three to one," and because they therefore found it "answer to the publisher," and that now the public taste is emancipating itself from the slavery of fashion, and that Messrs. Boydell and Co. find themselves in danger of being left in the minority, they

known to contain, I shall have the pleasure to explain at another time."

*** To *hear both sides* is the only way to come at a just decision. We have therefore readily admitted the above communication from an advocate of Mr. Landseer, in reply to the Apologist for *Chalk Engraving*. It would be well if controversy could be conducted with less acrimony, but when men feel warmly they are apt to express themselves intemperately. The Apologist conceiving that Mr. Landseer had, in his volume of Lectures lately published, written disrespectfully of *dotting engraving*, without sufficient knowledge of his subject, and that his observations were calculated to injure the numerous engravers who practise that branch of Art, has not merely acted on the *defensive*, but has given *blow for blow*, and followed the assailant into his own trenches. Perhaps also he has used the *tomahawk* when he should only have employed the sword.

The zeal of PHILOGRAPHICUS carries him likewise a little too far. We do not apprehend that a literary champion, who appears in vindication of a favourite Art which he thinks has been illiberally attacked and unjustly degraded by a Public Lecturer, is to be considered as a *bad man*, and actuated by *base* motives. We see nothing in the article to which this is a reply that authorizes the application of these strong epithets; but if there *be* any *private malice* in it, of which we repeat we are not aware, we shall certainly feel much regret at having given it an insertion. Our readers, however, will judge between the combatants, and decide which has the best of the battle. One good effect at least will arise from the contest. The merits of a very popular style of engraving will be fully discussed and properly ascertained.

We shall hereafter have an opportunity of noticing Mr. Landseer's Lectures in our *Review*, and of course, of expressing our *own* sentiments upon the point at issue: in the mean time, as lovers and promoters of the ARTS, and friends to a spirited discussion of whatever appertains to them, we leave the two letters *pro* and *con* to the deliberate examination of the Readers of the *Cabinet*.

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are endeavouring to accommodate their principles to the change. Thus verifying the position I have laid down in another discourse, that to follow, flatter, and degrade, not to lead, exalt, and refine, the public taste, is the constant object of these mock *Mæcenates* of modern engraving—at least the constant tendency of their *profitable* endeavours.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. I.

Undique collatis membris.—HOR.

BOWANNY,

THE WIFE OF A HINDOO OF DISTINCTION IN THE PROVINCE OF DAIRA, WHO BURNT HERSELF ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, IN 1776.

[Upon this Story Miss Starke founded her Tragedy of the Widow of Malabar.]

As this practice, the origin of which is lost in antiquity, has been the admiration and regret of so many ages, I have thought proper to bring forward one instance, respecting which an English gentleman, at that time of authority in the district, has kindly furnished me with authentic documents.

The ladies of Hindostan are allowed to marry once only; but, on the death of their husbands, they are legally entitled to a considerable share of his fortune, and may survive him without incurring any reproach; the contrary practice is rare; yet there are still found victims of a false but heroic enthusiasm, who still prevent it from falling into disuse.

Seen by no other man but their husband, and confined within the walls of their apartments, ambition and vanity can only act on things of little import. The applause of the multitude, or future fame, would be faint inducements to such a sacrifice. The Hindoo women are not influenced either by those considerations, or entirely by affection or despair. Their law assures them, that this act ensures not only their own and their husband's salvation, but that of the children and parents of each. The heat of the climate makes it necessary to bury the same day on which a death happens. The widow who has formed this resolution, and repents before she has left the house and been exposed to public view, may be allowed to draw back; but when this is once done, the severity of their manners will not permit it.

Bowanny had been married about twelve years, and had three children. She had been tenderly attached to her husband, insomuch that she chose to dress his food with her own hands, and perform many duties, from which her rank exempted her. She attended him during his illness with the greatest solicitude, and her health

and spirits seemed to fluctuate with his. About two months before his death, on his disorder increasing, he asked her, if he died, whether she would accompany him, which she promised, and never swerved from this resolution. As his fate grew more certain, her assiduities became more constant; she did not even withdraw at the entrance of his brothers, or hide her face from them. "For whom," said she, "should I now conceal myself?" On his death, in the morning of the 12th of March, 1776, she immediately declared her intention to burn with him, went and took out her bridal vestments for the occasion, and ordered other necessary preparations with the greatest calmness. Her temper was so mild, that she would never resent an injury or an affront, but would say "it was the will of heaven she should suffer it." For the last two months she had never been seen to shed a tear.

As soon as they were acquainted with her determination, her family, relations, and friends, persuaded her to break it; and particularly the mother and brothers of the deceased. They brought her children before her, and said they would want her care; but she replied, that "her soul was already gone; that she lived but for him she had lost; and that she was bent upon a great business." She attended the body all the day, frequently looking at the countenance with smiles, and pressed for dispatch, saying, "she would go before night, and view the world on leaving it." Messages from the English chief were answered in the same way as the others had been, and when at length opposition ceased, she expressed the highest joy. She offered, if the family doubted her resolution, or feared she should disgrace them by timid behaviour, to give any proof, by suffering any torture, as a trial; but nothing of this kind was permitted. She refused to see her children; but a speech she made to her mother-in-law, bespoke her interest in their welfare. "You have excited disputes against my husband," said she, "and of course against me; but when we are gone, be kind to my children; they have not offended you. You see how this world passes away, act, then, with reference to a future state." The other wept; but did not speak a word in answer.

About an hour before sunset, the procession began. Bowanny was carried on a litter upon men's shoulders. She sat upright, by the side of her husband's body,

which was covered with a linen cloth. She scattered about pieces of the money of that country, and some red powder. As they drew nearer the spot, the curtains of the litter were opened; and though the sun had been some time set, the strong illumination presented her distinctly to view. She kept one hand upon a tassel, which hung from the top of the litter, whilst with the other she held a fan over the corpse. Her figure was graceful, and rather larger than that of the generality of Hindoo women. She was dressed in the fashion of the country, in a red gauze striped and edged with gold, and had various gold and silver ornaments. The whole of her forehead was stained with vermillion, as is customary on the day of marriage. By this she was rather disfigured; but the lower parts of her face had some marks of beauty: while a placid countenance, bordering on melancholy, shewed a mind steady and collected. She was talking in a pleasant tone of voice to the bramins who walked beside her; and frequently raised her eyes to look around, without the least sign of confusion or disquiet at the sight of the numbers by whom she was surrounded. She once stayed the litter, to bless the English chief and his company, who from curiosity and interest had joined the train—and prayed at intervals, till they arrived at the burning place of the family.

No preparation had been made there for the ceremony; and when it was begun, a fearful time! Bowanny appeared still calm, but sometimes rather faint, as if from weakness, when she was supported by the bramins and her husband's brothers, and retired into a temple, where her mother-in-law constantly resided. During this time her husband's body was uncovered. He was a handsome man, about thirty, and dressed in his bridal habiliments. An hour was employed in bringing wood and materials for the pile. It was made of large beams and moist plantain wood, laid cross-wise, over which was spread dry rushes, and a quantity of small billets of wood. While it was preparing, Bowanny sent twice to complain of the delay. After it had been raised about two feet from the ground, the litter, with the husband's body, was laid upon it, and soon afterwards she came from the temple, supported by the brannins, her husband's brothers, and four female attendants. She appeared weak, and often reclined her head. She repeated prayers dictated by the bramins, when near the pile,

with her eyes lifted up to heaven. When close to it, she sate down upon the ground; they gave her the liquor of a cocoa-nut, and read over some ancient writing. She went only once round the pile, instead of three times, on account of her extreme weakness; and, when seated upon it, laid her hands upon the heads of those who crouded round, to bless them; but what she said was drowned by the hum of the people, and the noise of the music, which accompanied the procession. For a few moments, she appeared in a state of suspence, either affected with what she was going to suffer, or trying to recollect if more was necessary to be done. She then began to give away her ornaments, arranged the pillows of the bed, and, without the least discomposure, laid down on the left side of her husband, throwing one arm around him, and striving to support his head with the other. A sheet was then spread over them—on which rushes and sticks, sprinkled with ghee and oil, were laid to the height of two or three feet; when her son, a pretty boy about nine years old, lighted a taper, and, after walking round the pile, set fire to it, just beneath his mother's head. This signal being given, it was lighted on every side. At least ten minutes must have passed, after she lay down, before this took place, during which the pile appeared to heave; but the people who were near affirmed, she had not spoken one word or moved since she lay down; and that the motion was occasioned by people passing round it.

At first a thick black smoke arose, from the oil and moist boughs, which, perhaps, was humanely contrived to suffocate the victim. All remained steady; and when her death was certain, a general shout was raised by her attendants, who boasted of her fortitude to one another.

Some persons, from the superstitious idea that people near death have foresight into events, asked her, on the way to the burning place, to inform them of something they wished to know;—to which she meekly asked, if they took her for an astrologer?

When distributing her ornaments at the last, her husband's brother observed that a division of them at that time might create confusion; and that she had better finish what she had to do, when they might be taken out of the ashes by any who would search for them. "Very well," said she, "then I will lie down."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The Reign of Charlemagne, considered chiefly with reference to Religion, Laws, Literature and Manners, by Henry Card, A. M. of Pembroke College, Oxford. In One Octavo Volume, price 7s. Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme. 1807.

This is a work which has long been a desideratum among the readers of history. "The name of Charlemagne," observes the author, who is already known to the public by his history of the Revolutions of Russia, and other valuable performances, "is not less familiar to the learned, than to the unlearned reader: yet his reign has been exposed to great, and I will venture to add, undeserved neglect." Which defect of curiosity respecting the life and character of a man, of whose fame the annals of Europe are full, is rightly attributed by Mr. Card, to the remoteness of the period in which Charlemagne flourished. Indeed with the sole exception of Gibbon, (and he has only viewed the reign of Charlemagne in such a manner as to provoke, rather than satisfy our curiosity,) no other writer has manifested any desire to render the English reader familiar with the military and political operations of that renowned hero. To produce then a work, which, in a popular and elegant style, should delineate Charlemagne in his public and private character, and trace the line of policy pursued by him to impart knowledge, and to create a spirit of improvement, among his people, has been attempted, and we may safely add, in most respects performed by Mr. Card.

The book is divided into five chapters: and the first contains an eloquent but summary account of the warlike achievements of Charlemagne; for Mr. Card has expressedly stated in his preface, "that the chief, or rather, sole object of his research, has been to reflect some light on the legislative acts of Charlemagne, the least known, though the most loudly extolled." The

mind of the reader, is however, judiciously relieved, even in this chapter, from the dull uniformity of sieges and battles in war, by digressions illustrative of the methods which Charlemagne adopted to disseminate a better system of government throughout his extensive dominions.

"When the race of Clovis," says our author, "invested their sons with the government of a province, they soon aspired openly to an independent authority; but Charlemagne, in committing any part of his territories to the jurisdiction of his sons, always considered and treated them in the light of subjects: he taught them to view their appointments as gifts which were bestowed, and might be resumed by his despotic will. They were his representatives, or lieutenants; they were the canals by which his irresisitble mandate reached the most remote part of his empire. He sent therefore, often for the young princes to receive his orders, as well as his reprimands: and to be instructed by him what remedies they should apply to the abuses which they had introduced or tolerated. When the young king of Aquitaine, who had then entered his seventeenth year, was on the eve of departing to his territories, Charlemagne addressed him with that tone of authority which never failed to make a deep impression on the minds of his auditors 'Henceforth,' said he, 'you are no longer to consider yourself as a boy destitute of all experience; it is now time, that you should exercise yourself, a proper controul over the ministers, nobles, and subjects of your kingdom: you have come to our court with the equipage only of a private person, but you shall enter your dominions with a stately train. I am aware likewise, that in the presents you have wished me to make, necessity has often compelled you to seek from your domestics, the means of thus gratifying your inclinations: but that practice must no longer be followed in your present elevation; since it will make you in the end, an object of contempt to your people, which of all things, is the most to be feared and avoided by a sovereign."

The second, third, fourth, and fifth chapters, contain an account of the state of religion, laws, literature, and manners, in the reign of Charlemagne. Under the head of religion, we discover the strenuous efforts which the emperor of the West made by his opposition to the decrees of the second Nicene council, to stop the torrent of superstition which then poured itself over Europe. Mr. Card has presented us with an elaborate review of Charlemagne's system of legislation, which strikingly demonstrates the great, and permanent revolution he wished to effect in the moral and political condition of his numerous subjects. In proof of this assertion we subjoin the following passages.

"It is our command, that you explain to us, without disguise or reserve, what is to be understood from the import of that phrase among you, to renounce the business and pleasures of the world, and to devote your lives to God. By what means are we to distinguish those who abjure society, from those who mix in it? Are we to rank those only in the list of monks, who embrace a life of celibacy, and appear without arms? Must we consider that person as exclusively aspiri..g to the virtues of the monastic profession, who labours unceasingly by every artifice in his power, to augment his possessions; or must we view him in that light who by menacing one time the punishments of hell, by promising another time the blessings of Paradise, endeavours to entice people both rich and poor, without learning or judgment, to strip themselve and their legitimate heirs, of the goods which belonged to them? Is he to be considered as resigning himself to a life of penance and solitude, who lusts for the property of another; and, in order to procure it, brings false witnesses in support of claims before a judge devoid alike of faith or discernment? What opinion must be entertained of those, who under a specious pretext of a love of God, his saints, and martyrs, transport from one spot to another, the bones and reliques of the saints, in order to erect new churches, and to engage people by every art of seduction and flattery, to reduce themselves for their use, to a state of beggary in their life time, or else to bequeath their inheritance to them upon their death.

"The Missi Dominici, or royal envoys or inspectors, owed their establishment to Charlemagne, and if history had left us no other memorial than this institution to evince his affection for the public good, and his wisdom to attain it, we should deem it sufficient to place him in the eyes of posterity, as worthy of swaying the destinies of a great empire. The beginning of his reign was disturbed, according to a former observation, by a crowd of factious nobles, but by his valor and firmness, address in dividing, eloquence in re-uniting, art in penetrating all, he had succeeded in frustrating every attempt against his own person. Yet to protect the people at large from the oppression of these nobles and their train of dependants, by the due administration of justice, and to provide for its regular security, required views of political justice more liberal and enlighted, and efforts of resolution more systematic and steady, than those which had guided the conduct of his predecessors. Before Charlemagne ascended the throne of France, numberless were the vexations inflicted by these potent chieftains and their satellites over the middle and more indigent classes of the state, and some of the most turbulent and daring spirits among their order, even carried their pretensions so far as to usurp a great part of the royal revenues, and to exercise almost the whole judicial power. By tolerating these proceedings any longer, the monarch clearly foresaw that industry would be stifled, the cultivation of the lands neglected, and commerce, then in its infancy, ruined. To find, therefore, an immediate and permanent remedy for these evils, the Missi Dominici were created, by whose means the administration of justice was ultimately brought into the hands of the sovereign. Appointed by him, and attached by every motive of interest and gratitude to his person, Charlemagne felt

no apprehensions in delegating to them an authority almost regal, to ensure the reduction of the higher ranks of the community, to some degree of dependence and subordination. These confidential servants of the crown, were empowerd to hold assemblies in the different provinces of the kingdom, four times in the year; to which the bishops, abbots, counts, judges, and other chief magistrates, ecclesiastical and civil, were obliged to repair, either in person or by deputy. In them the affairs of the province were discussed, wrongs redressed, grievances removed, and whatever related to the public or private service, finally settled and arranged. Thus supported by the prince and entirely at his disposal, the Missi Dominici were admirably formed to accomplish effectually his entire wishes. To profit by the jealousy of his rebellious lords, to divide them by their mutual hatred, to inspire them with a love of loyalty, to flatter their ambition by dignities, their vanity by praises; to restrain some by fear, some by shame, and others by honour; in short, to derive from each passion, each vice, and each virtue, some impression favourable to the national tranquility and happiness. Independent of this institution making so great a figure in the reign of Charlemagne from the substantial benefits it imparted to the great mass of the people, it also possesses claims to our notice as serving in the judgment of several historians and antiquaries, for the model of the subsequent parliaments of France."

Our limits will not allow us to give any extracts from the fourth and fifth chapters, but of these it may be said, without any exagerated praise, that they treat of many things worthy of being handed down to posterity. Indeed, it is our opinion, that in this part of the work, the greatest portion of original matter is displayed and set off in the author's happiest manner. In the fifth chapter there is a story relative to the birth of Charlemagne, well calculated to form the ground work of an interesting play or romance. We cannot dismiss this work without remarking, thot although every page of it establishes Mr. Card's claims to great research, and minute investigation, yet he is to be censured not a little, for omitting to quote constantly the valuable authorities which he has consulted. This way of writing history, savours too much of the French method, and it may be justly regarded as the chief blemish in the celebrated work of the Abbé Raynal. In justice however, to Mr. Card, we must add, that he has given us a list, in his preface, of the writers to which he has referred, for the new and important facts he has introduced in his history, and this list, affords sufficient evidence of the union of laborious research with discriminating knowledge, exhibited in this undertaking.

The Political and Military State of Europe; (1807). An Address to the British Nation; exhibiting the sole means of preserving the Independence and Liberties of the British Empire, and of rescuing those of Europe from the tyranny of the French Government. By Alexander Walker, Esq. Large 8vo. 5s. Crosby and Co. 1807.

The first part of this Address states a general principle upon which the revolutions of nations, commonly depend; the second gives a rapid sketch of the state of Europe before and after the French revolution; the third exhibits the only certain means of preserving the liberty and independence of the British Empire, and of rescuing those of the continent from the tyranny of the French government; the fourth points out the probable consequences of neglecting scientific measures; and the fifth forms the conclusion.

This is the train of the author's argument. The great cause of revolutions is *neglect of talent*. It subverted the Grecian and Roman States. The converse of this principle is also true; and he instances the present greatness of France, "for nations have always been formidable after internal convulsions, solely, because, during them, it becomes the interest of governments, or of the public, to reward talent, which, while prosperous, they as uniformly avoid."

The battles of Austerlitz and Jena were lost through ignorance of political and tactical science. The Austrians, the Russians, the Prussians are sufficiently brave, but they pursue an erroneous system of warfare, and *ignorance* is the sole cause of all their misfortunes: "what consequently have we to expect, we who so servilely imitate the tactical system of Prussia?"

"Tell not me (says the author) of Alexandria, of Acre, or of Maida, as proofs of tactical skill. Great though they be, they are single achievements, uniformly gained at the point of the bayonet, and by the personal bravery of our men; and so France may boast some naval triumphs. But were her existence dependent upon naval success, or that of Britain on the sum of her military exploits, what would be the consequence? And shall not the military glory of Britain revive? shall the triumphs of Marlborough be forgotten? shall the days of Poictiers, Cressy, and Agincourt never return."

The author then proposes the establishment of various schools of political and diplomatic philosophy, that the offices of the state may be competently filled; but

particularly of free military schools in every city of the empire. We want good statesmen and generals. With regard to the people, all is as it ought to be. Some of the regulations proposed for the schools are excellent; of others, we very much doubt the expediency. Among the former are the following:—the rank of captain should not be filled till all the lieutenants of the same corps have undergone examinations and military exercises, and the same with respect to the rank of major, colonel, or general. Even the private should be admitted to be examined as to his qualifications for an officer.

"In proof of the propriety, the justice, the necessity of so liberal a measure, it may be observed, that the exclusive advancement of the nobility, the preference of fortune to merit in the army, preceded in France, a destructive revolution, and in Prussia, a total overthrow; and so convinced is the latter of this being a chief cause of her misfortunes, that, since her defeat, it is the first law she has annulled. May Britain benefit by her experience, and avoid her misfortunes! For although it is not to be supposed, that one in ten thousand privates can ever arrive at the rank of general, yet, the motives which such inducements afford, would have an incredible effect, both in recruiting the army, and in producing excellent soldiers."

It is indeed disgraceful to the government and the country, that promotion should be the consequence of purchase rather than merit. Bonaparte rewards the latter, and thus his army is so well officered. "What may to us be the consequence (adds Mr. Walker) of ignorant boys, being so often placed at the heads of companies in the service of Britain? Horror seizes me at the sight. Its inevitable consequence must be, that from their misconduct, the bravery of our men would, in action, be unavailing; defeat, in spite of their heroism, would break their spirits, and the national disgrace of Britons would unavoidably follow." He enforces the necessity of attending to *talent* in the selection of officers by many other remarks equally cogent. He cautions his countrymen not to abandon the war before the tyranny of France is destroyed, and she has no longer power to disturb the peace of Europe.

"By war, skilfully conducted, Britain will best increase her own naval power, and destroy that of France; while she will at the same time secure all those nations between which and France the sea intervenes, from the open plunder or secret theft of her needy and unprincipled government; but peace, on the contrary, will lessen the strength of our navy, permit that of France to increase, and lay open to her schemes Asia, Africa and America."

The Complete Confectioner, or the Whole Art of Confectionary made Easy; with Receipts for Liqueures, Home-made Wines, &c. the result of many Years Experience with the celebrated Negri and Witten. By Frederic Nutt, Esq. 4th Edition. 12mo. 6s. 6d. *Mathews and Leigh.*

As it is not often that a poor Reviewer obtains a sight of these delicacies on the table, he may at least be permitted to have a "*taste of their quality*" in *folio* if not in *fructu*. Having run over these pages (not however without frequent exclamations against the extravagance and luxury of the age, nor, we must confess, without feeling some of the sensations of poor *Tantalus*) we are bound to announce to all the Cooks and Housekeepers of our Nobility and Gentry, that they will find this *Nut* to be one that is *very well worth the cracking*.

Original Poems, on various occasions. By a Lady. Revised by William Cowper, Esq. of the Inner Temple. Second Edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d. *Mathews and Leigh*, 1807.

These Poems appear to have been first published in 1792. The circumstance of their having been revised by Cowper is in itself a sufficient passport. They are chiefly upon serious subjects, and are undoubtedly very favourable specimens of devotional Poetry, in which, as Dr. Johnson observes, few writers have been successful. "The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction."

We shall transcribe a single article; the first, and one of the shortest.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

His steady eye surveys the happy shore,
Where grief, and pain, and sickness are no more:
He counts the mighty ransom that was given
To waft the Sinner's soul in peace to Heaven;
Dwells on the promis'd bliss to lost mankind,
While praise exalted fills his humble mind;
Not to himself, but to his Saviour flies,
And in his boundless love exulting dies.

Trafalgar, the Sailor's play, in five acts, 8vo. 2s. *Harris*, 1807.

The Scene of this Play is laid on board the *Santa Anna*, one of the Spanish vessels, and the *Victory*. The

principal characters are officers, and seamen, and the dialogue is perfectly *naval.* It is therefore stricly a *Sailors play;* and to say the truth, some of the dialogue is sufficiently spirited and characteristic to shame many of the applauded scenes manufactured by our *lubbers on shore.*

The works of the late Edward Dayes; containing an excursion through the principal Parts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, with illustrative notes, by E. W. Brayley; Essays on Painting; Instructions for drawing and colouring Landscapes; and professional sketches of modern Artists, 4*to.* 12 *plates,* 1*l.* 10*s. White, &c.*

We knew Mr. Dayes very well; his pen was as powerful as his pencil; he was well acquainted with the bickerings and intrigues of Artists, and did not spare them in conversation. He prepared his *Tour* for the press, only a short time preceding his melanchly death! It is now published for the benefit of his widow. Independent of this inducement to purchase, the work contains many valuable remarks, particularly on drawing; several interesting Biographical notes, and a variety of amusing anecdotes.

The Posthumous Works of Mrs. Chapone: containing her Correspondence with Mr. Richardson; a series of Letters to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, and some Fugitive Pieces, never before Published. Together with an Account of her Life and Character; drawn up by her own Family. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Chapone's epistolary talents were of the first order, as her character was one of the most amiable and exemplary that our country has produced: it is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we find in these volumes the letters to Mrs. Carter, who being also a lady of great literary eminence, the subjects of which they treat, are not of an idle or frivolous nature. They afford an additional proof of the fine taste, sound judgment, and strong reasoning powers of their ingenious Author; and as they also illustrate many passages of her life, they are very properly interwoven by the Editor with the account of her character.

The Memoirs are modestly and neatly drawn up, without any overstrained eulogiums either on the abilities or virtues of Mrs. Chapone, which indeed sufficiently speak for themselves; and it is not easy to say whether the first more excite our admiration than the latter demand our esteem. Though her state of health was at all times delicate, she survived almost all her relations, which were uncommonly numerous, and for two or three years preceding her death her faculties were totally impaired.

In October 1801, she completed her 74th year. On the Christmas day following, without any previous illness, having declared herself unusually well the day before, she fell into a doze, from which nothing could arouze her, and which the medical gentlemen who attended her, immediately pronounced to be the forerunner of death; and at eight o'clock in the evening, without one apparent struggle or sigh, she breathed her last in the arms of her niece.

The Letters to Mr. Richardson on *Filial Obedience*, occasioned by the extreme limits to which he carried the parental authority in his *Clarissa Harlowe*, form the greater part of the second volume. Her arguments are as ingenious as they are just, and her objections as delicately urged as they are elegantly expressed.

The Ambulator: or a Pocket Companion in a Tour round London, within the circuit of Twenty five Miles, 12*mo. pp.* 336. *Scatcherd and Letterman*, 1807.

A most useful *Vade-Mecum*, laboriously compiled, and as accurate as a work of this description can reasonably be expected to prove. The Plates, twelve in number, are well executed; and the Tour is introduced by a concise account of the metropolis, judiciously abridged from Pennant, &c. The Editor has described not only whatever he found curious in the works of Nature or of art, but where any place has been distinguished by some memorable circumstance, he has not forgotten how much the incidental recollection of it may improve the sources of conversation, nor what pleasure a well cultivated mind may derive from contemplating the favourite retreats of the benefactors and ornaments of mankind—where the statesman mused in solitude on the welfare of his country, or meditated on the instability of sublunary grandeur; where the philosopher enriched the age with his sublime discoveries; or the poet "informed the page

with music, image, sentiment, and thought;" where a *Richard Cromwell* preferred the scenes of innocence and peace to all the glory of guilty greatness; where a Lyttleton received the first convictions of religious truth or an *Addison* exemplified in a happy death, the pleasures and importance of a virtuous life.—*Preface.*

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Address to Health, "Nymph with thee at early dawn," Glee for four voices, composed by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc. Birchall, price 1*s.*

Dr. Crotch's glees are few in number, but they all bear the marks of intrinsic excellence. In the present composition much ingenuity is displayed in the construction of the parts, and taste in the arrangement of the melody. Several points occur, which are sustained in a pleasing as well as masterly stile.

An Invocation to Sleep, as sung at the principal concerts Norwich, with the greatest applause; the poetry by Mr. Gent, composed with an accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte, by William Fish. Broderip and Wilkinson. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

Were we disposed to be witty, we should say that after having finished this song we felt rather inclined to comply with Mr. Fish's "Invocation"——seriously, we think this song, although it coutains some pretty passages, rather dull, and certainly not sufficiently interesting for publication.

La Fantasie, a Sonata Divertimento, containing a Toccato and March, for the Piano Forte, composed by M. P. King. Birchall. Price 2*s.*

This Sonata, which consists of two movements only, contains not many new though some pleasing ideas. The march is spirited, and the subject is ingeniously varied through a movement of three pages. To young performers the sonata will be very acceptable.

"He hears me not,"
A Ballad, the poetry by J. L. Lewes, Esq. Liverpool, composed by Dr. John Clarke, Cambridge. Birchall. Price 1s.

An elegant and expressive melody, an accompaniment tastefully and skillfully arranged, are the characteristic features of this ballad; it contains several new and beautiful passages, and is throughout highly finished.

"Clear shines the Sky,"
A Canzonet, respectfully inscribed to Miss Peers, by William Crotch, Mus. Doc. Birchall. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

Although this canzonet clearly discovers the hand of a master, yet as a whole we cannot rank it among Dr. Crotch's happiest productions. Its chief fault is want of relief, for notwithstanding the style of the accompaniment is occasionally varied, yet there is a sameness in the melody which rather "palls upon the ear." Some

masterly strokes of modulation occur, which cannot fail to please the scientific ear.

La Carolina, an Adagio and Rondo, for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Lady Caroline Lowther, by P. A. Corri. Birchall. Price 2s.

The Largo with which this Sonata opens is masterly. The subject of the Rondo is animated and interesting, and is worked with considerable ingenuity. We can recommend it as a good Piano Forte lesson.

"*Fair Solima,*"

A favourite duett, sung by Mrs. Billington, and Mr. Harrison, at the Worcester and Chester musical festivals, and at the vocal concerts, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, composed and respectfully inscribed to Miss Robinson of Denston Hall, by Dr. John Clarke, of Camdridge. Birchall. Price 2s. 6d.

At a time like the present, when so many mawkish productions are given to the world under the title of vocal ducts, it affords us pleasure to notice one which bears evident marks not only of genius but of care and attention. The same highly cultivated taste, joined to the most classical correctness appear in this, as in many of Dr. Clarke's compositions. The parts sing admirably together, the passages are brilliant, and the accompaniment well calculated to assist and heighten the effect of the voices.

Nos. V. *and* VI. *The Vocal Magazine, consisting of canzonets, madrigals, songs, trios, &c. composed by Joseph Kemp. Wheatstone. Price 3s. Published monthly.*

No. V. begins with a pastoral ballad. Mr. Kemp appears to be rather fond of this style, and in truth he usually succeeds in it: the ballad in question is neatly arranged, and though not distinguished for much originality, is on the whole rather interesting. The "*Hymn to Nature*" is in a sober stile, we wish it had been hormonized—as it stands the effect is rather meagre. The pastoral canzonet which follows is pretty, and the song "*What torment does my bosom find*" displays some skill in the adaptation of instrumental accompaniments. The melody of the canzonet "*Parch'd by the heat*" is easy and flowing, and is well supported by a triplet bass, but like one of the duetts in a former number it is of too extensive a compass to be generally useful, the upper part sometimes lies too low and the lower too high, so that comparatively few female voices can sing either line as it now stands. As the song which follows has not much to recommend it, we pass on to the glee "*I told my Nymph,*" which we wished when we tried it to be twice as long: it is a well conceived composition, put together in a neat style—the latter part reminded us somewhat of our old friend Travers.

We thank Mr. Kemp for the compliment he is pleased to pay our Review in the last number of his magazine. We have spoken of the contents of his several numbers in such terms as they seemed to us fairly to deserve, and we have been guided in our criticims solely by the merit or demerit of each composition. We admire the modesty and candour with which Mr. Kemp speaks of his work, and we repeat our wishes for its success, because we think it possesses a degree of excellence sufficient to entitle it to the patronage of the musical world.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

THE ORIGIN OF CLOWNS ON THE ENGLISH STAGE,

By Edmond Malone, Esq.

In the infancy of the English stage it was customary in every piece to introduce a Clown, "by his mimic gestures to breed in the less capable mirth and laughter."* The privileges of the Clown were very extensive; for, between the acts, and sometimes between the scenes, he claimed a right to enter on the stage, and to excite merriment by any species of buffoonery that struck him. Like the Harlequin of the Italian comedy, his wit was often extemporal, and he sometimes entered into a contest of raillery and sarcasm with some of the audience.† He generally threw his thoughts into hobbling doggrel verses, which he made shorter or longer as he found convenient; but, however irregular his metre might be, or whatever the length of his verses, he always took care to

* Heywood's *History of Women*, 1624.

† In Broom's *Antipodes*, which was performed at the theatre in Salisbury Court, in 1638, a *by-play* as he calls it, is represented in his comedy; a word, for the application of which we are indebted to this writer, there being no other term in our language that I know of, which properly expresses that species of interlude which we find in our poet's *Hamlet* and some other pieces. The actors in this *by-play* being called together by Lord Letoy, he gives them some instructions concerning their mode of acting, which prove that the clowns in Shakspeare's time frequently held a dialogue with the audience:

"*Let.* ——— Go; be ready.—
But you, sir, are incorrigible, and
Take licence to yourself to add unto
Your parts your own free fancy; and sometimes
To alter or diminish what the writer
With care and skill compos'd, and when you are
To speak to your co-actors in the scene,
You hold interlocution with the audience.

"*Bip.* That is a way, my lord, hath been allow'd
On elder stages to move mirth and laughter.

"*Let.* Yes, in the days of *Tarleton* and *Kempe*,
Before the stage was purg'd from barbarism,
And brought to the perfection it now shines with,
Then fools and jesters spent their wit, because
The poets were wise enough to save their own
For profitabler uses."

tag them with words of corresponding sound; like Dryden's DOEG,

> "He faggotted his notions as they fell,
> "And if they rhym'd and rattled all was well."

Thomas Wilson and Richard Tarleton, both sworn servants to Queen Elizabeth, were the most popular performers of that time in this department of the drama, and are highly praised by the Continuator of Stowe's Annals, for "their wondrous plentiful, pleasant, and *extemporal* wit."* Tarleton, whose comic powers were so great, that, according to Sir Richard Baker, "he delighted the spectators before he had spoken a word," is thus described in a very rare old pamphlet:† "The next, by his sute of russet, his buttoned cap, his taber, his standing on the toe, and other tricks, I knew to be either the body or resemblance of Tarleton, who living, for his pleasant conceits was of all men liked, and, dying, for mirth left not his like." In 1611 was published a book entitled his *Jeasts*, in which some specimens are given of the extempore wit which our ancestors thought so excellent. As he was performing some part "at the Bull in Bishops-gate-street, where the Queenes players oftentimes played," while he was "kneeling down to aske his father's blessing," a fellow in the gallery threw an apple at him, which hit him on the cheek. He immediately took up the apple, and advancing to the audience, addressed them in these lines:

> "Gentlemen, this fellow, with his face of mapple,§
> Instead of a pippin hath thrown me an apple;
> But as for an apple he hath cast a crab,
> So instead of an honest woman God hath sent him a drab."

"The people," says the relater, "laughed heartily; for the fellow had a quean to his wife."

Another of these stories, which I shall give in the

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* Howes's edition of Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1631, p. 698.

See also Gabriel Harvey's *Four Letters*, 4to. 1592, p. 9: "Who in London hath not heard of—his fond disguisinge of a Master of Artes with ruffianly haire, unseemely apparell, and more unseemely company; his vaineglorious and Thrasonicall bravery; his piperly *extemporising* and *Tarletonizing*?" &c.

† *Kinde-Hartes Dreame*, by Henry Chettle, 4to. no date, but published in Dec. 1592.

§ This appears to have been formerly a common sarcasm. There is a tradition yet preserved in Stratford, of Shakspeare's comparing

author's own words, establishes what I have already mentioned, that it was customary for the Clown to talk to the audience or the actors *ad libitum*.

"At the Bull at Bishops-gate, was a play of *Henry the V.* [the performance which preceeded Shakspeare's,] wherein the judge was to take a box on the eare; and because *he* was absent that should take the blow, Tarlton himselfe ever forward to please, tooke upon him to play the same judge, besides his own part of the clowne; and Knel, then playing Henry the Fifth, hit Tarleton a sound box indeed, which made the people laugh the more, because it was he: but anon the judge goes in, and immediately Tarleton in his clownes cloathes comes out, and asks the actors, *What news?* O, saith one, had'st thou been here, thou shouldest have seen Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the eare. What, man, said Tarlton, strike a judge! It is true, i'faith, said the other. No other like, said Tarlton, and it could not be but terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me, that methinks the blowe remaines still on my cheeke, that it burns againe. The people laught at this mightily, and to this day I have heard it commended for rare; but no marvell, for he had many of these. But I would see *our clownes in these days* do the like. No, I warrant ye; and yet they thinke well of themselves too."

The last words show that this practice was not discon-

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the carbuncled face of a drunken blacksmith to a *maple*. The blacksmith accosted him, as he was leaning over a mercer's door, with

"Now, Mr Shakspeare, tell me, if you can,
The difference between a youth and a young man."

to which our poet immediately replied,

"Thou son of fire, with *thy face like a maple*,
The same difference as between a scalded and coddled apple."

This anecdote was related near fifty years ago to a gentleman at Stratford by a person then above eighty years of age, whose father might have been contemporary with Shakspeare. It is observable that a similar imagery may be traced in *The comedy of Errors*:

"Though now this *grained face* of mine be hid," &c.

The bark of the maple is uncommonly rough, and the grain of one of the sorts of this tree (according to Evelyn) is "undulated and crisped into variety of curls."

tinued in the time of Shakspeare, and we here see that he had abundant reason for his precept in *Hamlet*: "Let those that play your *clowns*, *speak no more than is set down for them*; for there be of them, that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though *in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered.*"

This practice was undoubtedly coeval with the English stage; for we are told that Sir Thomas More, while he lived as a page with Archbishop Moreton, (about the year 1490,) as the Christmas plays were going on in the palace, would sometimes suddenly step upon the stage, "without studying for the matter," and exhibit a part of his own, which gave the audience much more entertainment than the whole performance besides.*

But the peculiar province of the Clown was to entertain the audience after the play was finished, at which time *themes* were sometimes given to him by some of the spectators, to descant upon;† but more commonly the audience were entertained by a *jig*. A jig was a ludicrous metrical composition, often in rhyme, which was sung by the Clown, who likewise, I believe, occasionally danced, and was always accompanied by a tabor and pipe.§ In these jigs more persons than one were sometimes introduced. The original of the entertainment which this buffoon afforded our ancestors between the the acts and after the play, may be traced to the satyrical interludes of Greece, and the Attellans and Mimes of the Roman stage. The *Exodiarii* and *Emboriariæ* of

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* Roper's *Life and Death of More*, 8vo. 1716, p. 3.

† "I remember I was once at a play in the country, where, as Tarlton's use was, the play being done, every one so pleased *to throw up his theme:* amongst all the rest one was read to this effect, word by word:

"Tarlton, I am one of thy friends, and none of thy foes,
Then I pr'ythee tell how thou cam'st by thy flat nose," &c.

To this challenge Tarleton immediately replied in four lines of loose verse. *Tarlton's Jeasts*, 4to. 1611.

§ "Out upon them, [the players] they spoile our trade,—they open our crosse-biting, our conny-catching, our traines, our traps, our gins, our snares, our subtilties; for no sooner have we a tricke of deceipt, but they make it common, *singing gigs*, and making jeasts of us, that every boy can point out our houses as they passe by." *Kind-Hearts Dreame*, Signat. E 3. b.

the Mimes are undoubtedly the remote progenitors of the Vice and Clown of our ancient dramas.*

Mr. KEMBLE'S CORIOLANUS.

"What injustice and prejudice have been done to our author, will be acknowledged by every one who shall peruse the genuine and original copy."—Fielding's preface to Tom Thumb.

Mr. Conductor,

As Mr. Kemble has of late been so severely censured for changing the pronunciation of a single word in the *Tempest*, you will perhaps think a few observations on the alteration which he has made in one of Shakspeare's plays neither ill timed nor superfluous. No one will deny that it requires a considerable degree of discrimination and an intimate knowledge of stage effect to adapt Shakspeare well for representation. Most of his plays are too long to be acted without curtailment, many of them contain expressions, and some whole scenes which an audience of the present day would not tolerate; perhaps not five of them could be acted exactly as they stand: no wonder then that so many managers, actors, and dramatic writers should have exercised their talents in adapting his works for representation. Garrick had a great passion for altering Shakspeare—in general he succeeded—but in several instances he failed most completely. Mr. Kemble, in like manner, has sometimes improved upon his predecessors, but he also has more than once discovered a too great eagerness for alteration. He has not contented

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* The exact conformity between our Clown and the *Exoliarii* and *Emboliariæ* of the Roman stage is ascertained, not only by what I have stated in the text, but by our author's contemporary, Philemon Holland, by whom that passage in Pliny which is referred to in a former page,—"Lucceia *mima* centum annis in scena pronuntiavit. Galeria Copiola, *emboliaria*, reducta est in scenam,—annum centessimum quartum agens,"—is thus translated: "Lucceia, a common Vice in a play, followed the stage, and acted thereupon 100 yeeres. Such another Vice, *that plaied the foole, and made sporte betweene whiles in interludes*, named Galeria Copiola, was brought to act on the stage,—*when she was in the 104th yeere of her age.*"

himself with pruning, but he has even ventured to plant; he has not only curtailed Shakspeare, but he has engrafted upon him passages from other writers. This is the case with *Coriolanus* as it has lately been performed at Covent-garden, and upon this play, with your leave I would hazard an observation or two.

In the first place I think Mr. Kemble has shortened the play too much: he has pruned in some places so lavishly that a person unacquainted with Shakspeare's play would scarcely be able, even with all the latitude allowed to dramatic writers to connect the incidents of the story. Shakspeare in this respect is frequently faulty enough, and Mr. Kemble has here put the force of our imagination to as great a test as ever Shakspeare did.

Further, I think Mr. Kemble censurable for omitting the first scene of the fourth act, in which *Coriolanus* takes leave of his mother, his wife, his general and his friend, without the walls of Rome. The scene is short, but it displays the respective characters of the persons present in as masterly a manner as any that occurs in the play: it should therefore undoubtedly have been retained. The scenes which so admirably depict the character, temper and manners of the Roman citizens I think too much abridged, more especially as the parts were not given to the understrappers of the house, but were acted by some of the best performers.

But I think Mr. Kemble the most censurable for having exchanged the nervous and glowing language of Shakspeare for the tame and inflated effusions of Thomson. What could induce the manager to commit such a glaring and palpable offence against good taste, it is wholly impossible for me to imagine. Not only whole speeches, but entire scenes, as well as an additional character have been added from Thomson, to the exclusion of Shakspeare, and this too in the most interesting part of the play. Even that exquisitely pathetic and most affecting scene between *Coriolanus* and his mother in the Volscian camp, is now a mere medley, a speech from Thomson and a line from Shakspeare, and instead of the highly characteristic, animated and effectual appeal which *Volumnia* makes to her son, we are astounded by the stale tragedy trick of her drawing a dagger and threatening to stab herself. Now, sir, it may be in character for Thomson's *Volumnia* to attempt

to frighten her son into compliance with her intreaty by a trick of this kind, but I do contend that it is wholly inconsistent with the dignity, and indeed wholly incompatible with the character of Shakspeare's *Volumnia* to have recourse to such an exhibition. It degrades her to a level with the host of tragedy queens who so long have strutted, ranted, poisoned and stabbed—

"To frighten wives and children with their rage."

It also degrades the character of *Coriolanus* to represent such a stale and paltry device as necessary to entrap his consent to return to Rome.

Such, sir, is my opinion of Mr. Kemble's alteration of *Coriolanus*, but while I notice these defects, suffer me at the same time to award him the praise which I think he merits. He has discovered a classical and correct taste in the dresses and decorations of the play, he has cast it with great judgment, and his own performance of *Coriolanus* may be reckoned among the finest efforts of the present day.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

June 23, 1807. AN ADMIRER OF SHAKSPEARE.

ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.

BETTERTON.

Archbishop Sancroft once asked this celebrated actor, "Pray, Mr. Betterton, can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage affect your audience by speaking of things *imaginary*, as if they were *real*; while we in the church speak of things *real*, which our congregations receive only as if they were *imaginary*?" —"Why, really, my Lord," said Betterton, "I don't know; except it is, that we actors speak of things imaginary *as if* they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real *as if* they were imaginary."

TASWELL.

Taswell, the player, was originally bred at Oxford and designed for the church: but from some of those unaccountable events which decide the fate of charac-

ters, he neglected every thing for the stage; a profession that seemed to reject him, as he never could rise above the station of a low comedian. But his humour was *original;* and as a performer, he was not only a favourite, but his jokes bore the currency of the day round Covent-garden.

His wife was (in the technical language of the theatre) a *dresser* and *property-woman;* but one evening in distributing the *properties* of the play, making some mistake, which he felt in his own character, he said nothing to her till he got her home, and then thus addressed her:—"Madam, as you are *my wife*, I must *forgive* you this little *faux pas;* but having offended me as *one of the company*, I must chastise you:" which he did corporally.

GARRICK AND MRS. CLIVE.

Having once a green-room wrangle with Mrs. Clive, Garrick concluded his remark upon her by saying, "Madam, I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*, and know the effects of both; but you are the *cream* of one and the *flower* of the other."

BAD HOUSE.

One night during the winter before Garrick went to Italy, the cash receipt of Drury-lane Theatre (though he and Mrs. Cibber performed in the same play) amounted to only three pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence!

FOOTE.

Davenport (the Taylor) who acquired a considerable fortune with a good character, asked Foote for a motto for his coach. "Latin or English?" asked the wit.—"Poh! English, to be sure; I don't want to set up for a scholar."—"Then I have got one from Hamlet, that will match you to a *button-hole: 'List! list! oh, list!'*"

THE SAME.

One of the performers of the Haymarket Theatre was observing to Foote, "what a *hum-drum* kind of man Dr. Goldsmith appeared to be in the green-room, compared with the figure he made in his poetry."—"The reason of that," said he, "is, because the *muses* are better companions than the *players.*"

POETRY.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENNEDETO GUIDI.

"*Scherzava dentro all' aurèe chiome amore, &c.*"

LOVE fondly wand'ring thro' the golden maze
  Which decks with silken tresses Julia's brow,
  Trac'd every lock, each waving ringlet's glow,
And, doting, linger'd there with fond delays;
Long, rapt in bliss, the wanton flutt'rer stays,
  And soon he found 'twere vain to wish to go,
  For, in each glossy curl's entwisting flow,
By Beauty wove, a chain its bondage lays
Upon his heart, and keeps it close confin'd.
  Venus, with gifts divine, her Boy's release
  Seeks;—but O Venus! let thine efforts cease!
He's Julia's slave, by her his bonds are twin'd,
And should you free him from his golden chain,
He would, with ardent flight, return again!

Liverpool. W. M. T.

STANZAS.

ON SEEING THE GROUND COVERED WITH SNOW IN THE MIDDLE OF APRIL.

LO! where the smiling flow'r of Spring
  Should rear its fragrant head,
The piercing blast with wasting wing,
  The snow-drift deep has spread.

No green leaf flutters in the breeze,
  Nor scarce a bud is found;
Whilst in the wind yon' aged trees,
  Wave their bare boughs around.

So, when on Beauty's infant breast,
The weight of sorrow falls,
Lost is the pleasing hour of rest,
On sleep in vain she calls.

The bud of beauty thus destroy'd,
Can never hope to bloom;
The suff'rer droops by grief annoy'd,
And sinks into the tomb!

July 2nd, 1807. J. M. I.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE MISS BEVANS.

WHY does the harp neglected slumber?
Fail to breathe its wonted number?
Ne'er upon its silent strings
The tuneful lay of rapture rings,
But inspiration o'er it sighs,
And half her fading spirit dies!
When, ere I pass, 'twixt hope and fear,
Still as I pause some strain to hear,
Never does a single note,
Her murmur wild, in pity float,
But silence in the lonely room,
Sit shrouded mid her cheerless gloom!
Sweet is music to the soul!
Her sounds, with some divine controul,
Her thrilling sounds, and soothing airs,
Can soften all the bosom's cares;
But O! when beauty's magic hand
Wakes the wire with blest command,
Gliding o'er with gentle fingers,
How the soul entranced lingers,
Lingers on each melting fall,
In heav'nly trance absorbing all
The senses in a pensive pleasure,
Captive to the joyous measure!
While love, with influence more refin'd,
In bondage dear enchains the mind.

G. W. C.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.

JULY.

25. Honeymoon. The Duke, by Mr. Egerton, from the Theatre Royal, Bath; being his first appearance on this stage. Juliana, Mrs. Gibbs.—Fortress. Count Everard, (1st time) Mr. Palmer, jun.

27. Hamlet—Tom Thumb.

28. Sylvester Daggerwood—Sighs—Fortress.

29. Seeing is Believing—Inkle and Yarico—We fly by Night.

30. Irish Widow—Five Miles off—Review.

31. Catch him who can!—Fortress—Tom Thumb.

AUGUST.

1. Fortress—Lock and Key—Village Lawyer.

3. Hamlet—Waterman.

4. Mogul Tale—Fortress—CRITIC; or a Tragedy rehearsed. Dangle, Mr. De Camp; Sneer, Mr. Palmer. jun.; Sir Fretful Plagiary, Mr. Mathews; Puff, Mr. Fawcett; Mrs. Dangle, Mrs. Powell. *Characters in the Tragedy.*—Lord Burleigh, Mr. Waddy; Governor of Tilbury Fort, Mr. Grove; Earl of Leiceste r, Mr. Carles; Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr Noble; Sir Christopher Hatton, Mr. Atkins; Beefeater, Mr. Wharton; Justice, Mr. Meredith; Son, Mr. Johnston; Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, Mr. Liston; Confidant, Mrs. Wall; Tilburina, Mrs. Liston.

5. Iron Chest. Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr. Young; Rawbold, Mr. Carles; Orson, Mr Liston; Helen, Mrs. Litchfield.—Animal Magnetism.

6. Blue Devils—Ways and Means—The Critic.

7. Poor Gentleman. Corporal Foss, Mr. Carr, from York; Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, Mrs. Grove, from Liverpool.—Tom Thumb.

8. Stranger—Critic.

10. Hamlet—Mrs. Wiggins.

11. Wonder—The Critic.

12. Iron Chest—Tom Thumb.

13. Irish Widow—(1st time) ERRORS EXCEPTED. The Characters by Messrs. Young, Fawcett, Grove, Waddy, Mathews, Liston, Chapman, De Camp, Carles, Wharton; Mrs. Litchfield, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Liston. The Prologue by Mr. Young; the Epilogue by Mrs. Litchfield.—Mock Doctor.

14. Lying Valet—Errors excepted—Critic

15. Fortune's Frolick—Errors excepted—Betty Barnes, Mrs. Grove.—Review.

17. Catch him who can—Errors excepted—Katharine and Petruchio.

18. [Mr. De Camp's Night.] Five miles off—Tekeli The Count, Mr Palmer, jun.; Wolf, Mr. Chapman; the Miller, Mr. Grove; Isidore, Mr. Liston; Maurice, Mr. De Camp; Bras-de-fer, Mr. Mathews; Alexina, Mrs. Litchfield; Christine, Mrs. Liston.—Tom Thumb.

19. Critic. Mrs. Dangle, Mrs. Grove.—Errors excepted—Hunter of the Alps.

20. [Mr. and Mrs. TAYLOR's Night.] Fortress. Oliver, Mr. Carles.—Who's the Dupe—Imitations—Tom Thumb.

21. Waterman. Mrs. Bundle, Mrs. Grove.—Errors excepted—Prisoner at large

22. [Mrs. Litchfield's Night.] Stranger. Francis, Mr. Farley, (his first appearance this season.)—Follies of a Day. Count Almaviva, (1st time) Mr. Palmer, jun.; Figaro, Mr. Farley; the Page, Mrs. Taylor; Antonio, Mr. Liston; Basil, Mr. Grove; the Countess, Miss Taylor; Susan, (for that night only) Mrs. Litchfield.

24. Hamlet. Osrick, Mr. Farley.—Tom Thumb.

25. Five miles off. Mrs. Prue, Mrs. Davenport, (1st appearance for 5 years.)—Critic. Mrs. Dangle, Mrs. Davenport.—Catch him who can.

26. Road to Ruin. Harry Dornton, (1st time) Mr. Young.—We fly by Night.

We were prevented from attending the theatre on the night of Mr. Egerton's appearance in the Honeymoon, and have therefore no opinion to offer respecting his performance; but we understand that some disapprobation was expressed on account of the omission of the dance, and that his reception was not altogether such as to authorize a repetition of the play. Mr. Egerton performed several years ago at this theatre, and we recollect his playing Horatio in *Hamlet*, at Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mr. H. Johnston. He afterwards belonged to the Birmingham company, and acquired considerable reputation in different parts of the country. When Mr. Elliston quitted Bath and Bristol, Mr. Egerton succeeded to his situation, and notwithstanding the popularity and extraordinary merits of that excellent actor, he very soon became a great favourite on the boards of both these theatres.

The CRITIC revived on the 4th of August, every body knows to be the witty production of Sheridan; the original object of which was to ridicule the *monstrosity* of modern tragedy, as the satire of the *Rehearsal* was directed against the heroic nonsense of Dryden and other tragic writers of his day. So few, however, have been the attempts at tragedy for these last twenty or thirty years, that the keenness of Sheridan's jest is now very little felt, and by the generality of the audience it is not even understood; so that like *Tom Thumb*, it must now be indebted for its attraction to the extravagance of the dresses, and whimsicality of the actors.

Mathews in *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, displayed great comic powers, and they must *indeed* have been great when, though we have a full recollection of Parsons in this character, it did not suggest a comparison in the smallest degree unfavourable to the new *Sir Fretful*. It is such a specimen of chaste, skilful, and yet rich and forcible acting, as we are not often favoured with. The applause through the whole of his scene was prodigious. *Puff* is also a character which no actor can undertake without fear and trembling: the neat articulation of King, his sarcastic eye and voice, and the fixed impression made by his frequent performance of this part, at a time when it was fashionable to run after, and a confession of dulness not to admire the piece, are heavy disadvantages which his successors cannot but feel most sensibly. Fawcett in his peculiar line of acting is unrivalled, and in that which is *not* his line, he always shews such vivacity, good humour and energy, that if he does not exactly satisfy criticism, he is sure to dull the edge of it. His *Puff* is entitled upon the whole, to very high com-

mendation, and we know of no actor now on the stage, who would make a better stand in it. *Don Ferolos* and *Tilburina* by Mr. and Mrs. Liston, were irresistible. The latter was dressed in the true style of Queen Elizabeth, and stalked and *tragedized* most ludicrously. The Confidante was excellently caricatured.

It is rather singular that *Tom Thumb* the last time it was played at Covent Garden; and the *Critic* when last acted at Drury Lane. were both saluted with strong marks of disapprobation.

August 7th. Mr. Carr who performed *Corporal Foss*, displayed much merit, and will no doubt be useful; though we thought he gave the part rather too course a colouring. Mrs. Grove is an actress of great provincial celebrity in the old woman and her performance of Lucretia *Mac Tab* on this evening, fully justified the character which we had heard of her.

On Saturday the 15th August, Mrs. Powell performed her character in the new comedy, and *Mrs. Dangle* in the *Critic*. She played both parts with unusial animation, but was taken ill in the night, and died the following morning. She had for some months suffered under a disorder which was expected to terminate fatally, though there was no apprehension of immediate danger. She was, as the public well knows, an excellent actress in her particular line of character, and was off the stage so well-bred and intelligent a woman that her circle of acquaintance was very extensive, and of course her loss has been proportionably lamented. She was sister to Mrs. Ward of Manchester, and the widow of Mr. Powell late of the C. G. company. She was buried at St. Paul's Covent Garden, on Wednesday the 19th, and her funeral was most respectably attended.

17th. August.—Mrs. Grove on the spur of the occasion undertook the disagreeable, and, under the circumstance of the night, the melancholy office of reading the part of *Betty Barnes*. She has also performed several other of Mrs. Powell's characters in an excellent style; but being engaged with the Bath managers, she played only for a few nights, and Mrs. Davenport has been resorted to, to supply the vacancy for the remainder of the season.

20th. August.—Taylor's *Imitations*—we just notice to observe that they appear to us to be the very perfection of mimicry. All preceding imitators fade in the comparison.

Mr. De Camp conceiving himself to have been illiberally treated by the managers, on what account we do not exactly know, withdrew himself from the company on this night. He is a very respectable actor, and in usefulness few performers can be found to excel him.

Mr. Farley, being in town, very obligingly lent his services, at the solicitation of the Managers, for the rest of the present season.

The new comedy of ERRORS EXCEPTED is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, an author to whom the public are indebted for so considerable a share of its dramatic amusement. The plot is of a light texture, and the dialogue and incidents are marked by the usual whimsicality of this writer. The effect of the whole is to excite incessant laughter, and though he has not succeeded so eminently in this instance as in the *Five Miles Off* and some other of his pieces, there is much ingenuity in the arrangement of the fable; the interest is sufficiently strong and connected; the charac-

ters are sketched with spirit; and the *equivoque*, so effective an ingredient in modern comedy, very happily managed.

The following are the principal *Dramatis Personæ*:

Frank Woodland - - -	Mr. Young.
Commodore Convoy - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. Convoy - - - -	Mr. Grove.
Lawyer Verdict - - -	Mr. Mathews.
Mr. Grumley - - - -	Mr. Waddy.
Old Mannerly - - - -	Mr. Chapman.
Tom Mannerly - - - -	Mr. Decamp.
Gabriel Invoice - - - -	Mr. Carles.
Richard - - - - -	Mr. Liston.
Sylvia - - - - -	Mrs. Litchfield.
Mrs. Hall - - - - -	Mrs Liston.
Betty Barnes - - - -	Mrs. Powell.
Fanny Freeman - - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.

The Plot cannot be detailed without more room than we can spare; it turns chiefly upon the schemes of a dishonest speculator, by which a yong man of fashion is cheated out of his property, and those of a foppish unprincipled Attorney; and out of these many interesting incidents arise. The scene is occasionally enlivened by the blundering errors of a rustic Waiter at an Inn, where several of the events take place. The termination is the union of several fond hearts; the Attorney is compelled to keep his promise to a widow whom he had deceived; and, some few "*Errors excepted*," all parties seem tolerably satisfied.

The performers gave all possible support to the piece. A song, charmingly set by Mr. Reeve, was introduced in the second act by Mrs. Liston The Prologue written by Mr. C. Dibdin, turned very neatly upon the title of the Play. The Epilogue was delivered with admirable spirit and effect by Mrs. Litchfield.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ELLISTON has renewed his engagement at Drury Lane, for three years. Lovegrove, the Bath comedian is to join this company. Some new singers pupils of Corri, are to make an early appearance. The Opera which Mr. Shield is composing for Covent Garden, is the production of Mr. T. Dibdin. Mrs. Siddons taking the hint from the *more last words of Richard Baxter*, has again (*iterum iterumque*) taken leave of the provincial theatres.

A theatrical fund (it is said) is about be established for the benefit of decayed actors and actresses belonging to itinerant companies, to which each person subscribing annually, will be entitled to certain sums weekly when sick, or rendered unfit to follow their profession, and other advantages according to their standing on the books of the society; and a benefit for the institution is to take place in the several towns throughout the kingdom where there are theatrical performances.

The new building about to be added to the east end of Drury Lane theatre, is for additional scenic, painting and dressing rooms; the colonnade will also be carried on in Russell-street, for the convenience of company getting to their carriages.

LARGE THEATRE, LYCEUM.

VOYAGE TO INDIA.

Mr. Incledon's Entertainment, not unaptly called a *Voyage to India*, for it is likely to make him as rich as a *Nabob*, was presented on the 26th of August, to a crowded and fashionable Theatre. It consists of fifteen songs, composed by Mazzinghi, Davy, Bishop, Sir John Stevenson and Shield, accompanied on the Piano by Mr. Kellner, Jun. and interspersed with Recitations by Mr. Bartley, who very ably acquits himself in the delivery. It is needless to say that Incledon exerts his best powers in the execution of the several airs.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre DUBLIN.—Incledon and Johnstone had each four hundred pounds at their benefits; Emery was less fortunate. There is about to be a change in the management. We believe Mr. Holman takes a share in the property, and that Mr. H. Johnston is to relieve him from some of the fatigues of regulating the stage department.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—Miss Smith took *As you Like it* for her benefit here, which was well attended. Her *Rossalind* was marked with animation, judgment, and delicacy. Mr. Seymour performed *Jaques*, in which he appeared to great advantage. This is a character that requires something more than the generality of actors can supply; Mr. Seymour's critical acquaintance with the text and meaning of Shakspeare, so abundantly shewn in his ingenious notes on the great bard, enabled him to present a finished portrait of the melancholy moralist.

Bellamy and Mrs. Mountain have performed a few nights here and at Glasgow.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—On Friday the 7th instant wes produced here for the first time, Mr. Morton's celebrated comedy of *Town and Country*. Mr. Rae, in the character of Reuben, during the three first acts, shewed much discrimination and feeling, but in the two last he was dull and unimpressive; indeed he appeared to have entirely mis-conceived this part of the character, for instead of retaining the mild but determined manliess of Reuben, he very erroneously assumed the wild ravings of a Macbeth. Plastic in the hands of Mr. Jones was tolerably well supported, though we have still to complain of a want of suppleness in his joints. Mr. Hamerton was very negligent in the Rev. Owen Glenroy. Mrs. Glover, as the Honorable Mrs. Glenroy, is deserving of every commendation. The play, on the whole, was received with general approbation, and still continues to be attractive.—We have also had a great treat in the revival of Mr. Sheridan's laughable farce of the *Critic*. Mr. Knight's Puff was truly whimsical, and kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. In the scene where the Earl of Leicester (Mr. Waring) is kneeling to petition Mars, Mr. K——, in order to direct his eyes upwards, unconsciously took hold of the Earl's Wig in so violent a manner as completely to discompose it, which made a very ludicrous figure of the kneeling warrior: but not being sufficiently satisfied with the mirth he had raised at poor Waring's ex-

pence, he, for the purpose of encreasing it, very facetiously remarked (patting him on the head) "Oh, never mind, there's *nothing* in it." Mr. Terry improves rapidly, but if he wishes to gain the approbation of the public, he ought to be as careful of his conduct *off* the stage as *on*, for he must be well aware, that

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes."

Mr. Gibbon's Sir Fretful is one of his happiest performances, indeed, with the exception of Parsons, we never saw a better. Mr. Emery's engagement closed last night with the *Heir at Law* and *Hob in the Well*: Mr. Cooke's commences on Monday in the part of Richard.

22nd August, 1807. ARGUS.

Theatre MARGATE. Lovegrove, from Bath; Wheatley, Mrs. Hatton, Mrs. Taylor, and a tolerable company altogether, have added to the amusements of this watering-place. Mr. and Mrs. S. Kemble, and Miss Smith, have been with us a few nights, and we expect Miss Duncan before the close of the season. A young lady of the name of Lewington made an appearance in Fanny in the *Clandestine Marriage*.

Theatre CHELTENHAM.—The Young Roscius, Richer, Miss Duncan, Mrs. H. Johnston, and Mrs. Siddons have been successively engaged by Watson, the spirited manager of this theatre. Russell from Drury Lane, and Mrs. T. Dibdin from Covent Garden, have also been much approved of. Mrs. D. played all the second characters with Mrs. Siddons, with great feeling and judgment. Klanert late of Covent Garden, is very deservedly a favourite. Elliston is to be here for a few nights.

Theatre WORTHING.—The theatre has prospered exceedingly. The performances of Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, Mr. Trotter, Miss De Camp, &c. have proved very attractive; and the elegance and accommodations of the new theatre, have been universally admired. *Valentine and Orson* has been produced at great expence. Mr. Graham of Drury Lane, was present, and expressed his approbation in the most flattering manner.

Theatre SOUTHEND—Another theatre of Mr. Trotter's, superintended by Mr. Bew, during the former's stay at Worthing, has had its full share of patronage.

Theatre RICHMOND.—Notwithstanding the indefatigable exertions of Beverly, the manager, the theatre has not been productive this season. Tekeli has been well got up, and the performances have in general been respectable. Mr. Farley played a few nights, and exhibited *Valentine and Orson* for his benefit, in a very grand stile. Grimaldi gave his assistance in Orson, and Mr. Taylor, from the Haymarket, added his *Imitations*. The house was crouded. A whimsical contest lately took place between the leader of the band and Mrs. Smith of Covent Garden, in consequence of which she resigned her situation, and fired, not a *hand*-bill, but an immense placard, against the manager, and what she called the ignorant "*fiddle-scrapers*."

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

The late GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY had upwards of forty years supported himself in the character of a public Lecturer in this Country, and was in the sixty-fourth year of his age when he died. He was the son of the celebrated HARRY CAREY, a successful comic writer in the earlier part of the last century, who though often in great distress, and the author of many convivial songs, never employed his muse in opposition to the interests of morality. It has been long understood that Harry Carey was the author of the tune and words of "*God save the King.*" This was mentioned by the late Dr. Arnold. No other person has ever laid claim to this popular composition. He was the avowed author of the words and air of the well known song "*Of all the Girls that are so smart,*" which Incledon, and other singers, have brought again into vogue. Poor Harry Carey, like many others who have no regular profession, and devote themselves to the Muses, was at last reduced to such distress that he did not wait for Nature to relieve him from the burthen of life, and when he was found dead, had only an half-penny in his pocket. How much it is to be regretted that the man whose song has so often afforded pleasure to loyal and patriotic hearts, and which has at length become the chief national strain, should himself have fallen a victim to poverty and despair! G. S. CAREY, who was a posthumous child, inherited the misfortunes of his father, but he inherited also his talents in a great degree, though they took another direction. He inherited too his moral qualities; for though he wrote a vast number of lyric compositions, they are all intended to awaken patriotic, generous, and amiable emotions. He was at first a Printer; he attempted the stage early in life, but did not display such abilities as encouraged him to persevere in theatrical pursuits; but though he went through various vicissitudes of fortune, he always maintained a decent appearance, and supported the character of an honest man. He possessed musical taste and talents that would have raised him to eminence if he had cultivated them with diligence, or had not been obliged "to provide for the day that was passing over his head." The infirmities of age were gathering upon him, and if he had lived much longer, he could not, of course, have subsisted by his talents, but must have sunk into one of the common asylums of misfortune.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY.—Life of General Washington, by Mr. Ramsey. Life of James Bruce of Kinnaird, Esq. F. R. S. By the Rev. Alex. Murray.

HISTORY.—History of Germany, by the late Michael Ignatius Schmidt, keeper of the Imperial Archives at Vienna; translated by Miss Plumtree. History of the County of Rutland: by Mr. Blore, of Stamford. History of Ireland for the last twenty years, by Dr. Nevin.

TRAVELS.—Sir John Carr's Stranger in France, 2d Edition, in an 8vo. form.

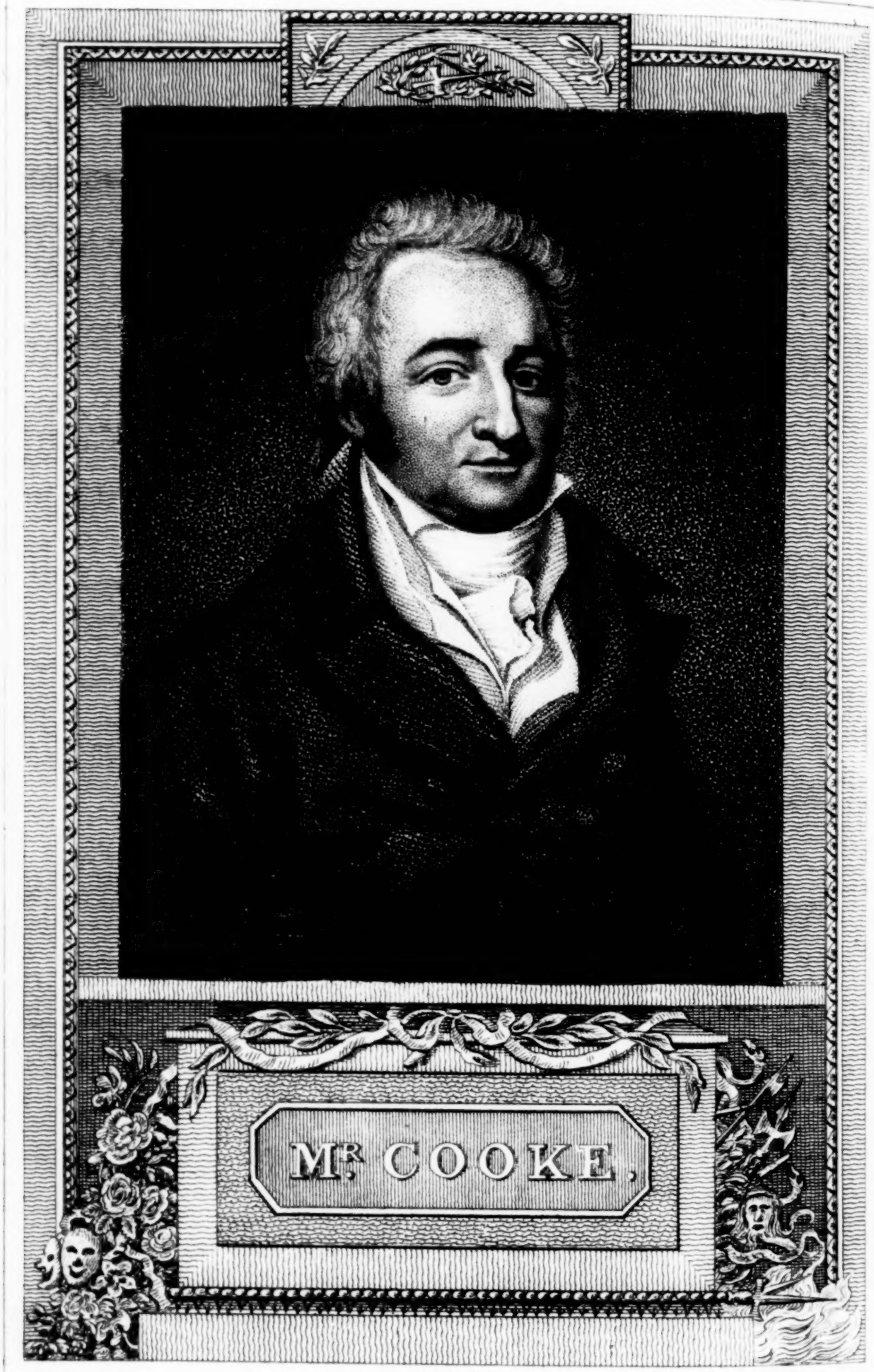
THE ARTS.—Opie's Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy, and Royal Institution, in the years 1806 and 1807.

DIVINITY.—A splendid Edition of Dr. Doddridge's Family Expositor, in quarto; with fine Vignettes, from original Designs.

POETRY.—The Resurrection, by John Stewart, Esq. Hours of Idleness, by Lord Byron. The Parish Register, in three parts, by the Rev. G. Crabbe, L. L. B. Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field. A Poem, 4to. by Walter Scott, Esq. Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, MSS. and Scarce Editions, with Translations from the ancient Danish, and a few Originals, by R. Jamison, A. M. and F. A. S.

DRAMATIC.—The Family Shakspeare, in 4 volumes.

MISCELLANIES.—Ames's Typographical Antiquities, in 5 vols. 4to. by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. A Portraiture of Society; as taken from a view of the assemblies, associations, institutions, societies, meetings, and clubs in and near the metropolis: whether religious, charitable, literary, philosophical, political, commercial, convivial or recreative; interspersed with criticisms, anecdotes, and biographical sketches; by Mr. Nightingale. Specimens of English Prose Writers, from the earliest Periods to the close of the seventeenth century; with sketches, biographical and literary; by George Burnett. The whole Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. revised and corrected by the Author; with the addition of various Pieces never before published.



Stump pinx. *Hopwood sculp.*

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